MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE *and* VERSE.

By *PAUL HIFFERNAN*, M.D.

Luſimus hæc olim, nec meminiſſe piget.

LONDON:

Printed by H. WOODFALL, in *Pater-noſter-Row*, for the AUTHOR; and publiſh'd by G. WOODFALL, at the Corner of *Craig's-Court*, *Charing-Croſs*. M,DCC,LIX.

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To

Doctor Hebbeare from the Author.

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To the Right Honourable

JAMES OHARA,

Lord *Tyrawley*, late Governor of *Minorca*,
Lieutenant General of His MAJESTY's Forces,
Colonel of the *Cold-ſtream* Regiment of Guards,
&c.

MY LORD,

THERE are *two* prevailing motives for *Dedications*; the *one* in order to pay a juſt Compliment to thoſe Worthies who have ſerv'd their King and Country in a diſtinguiſhed manner! the *other* an act of Gratitude for Obligations conferred on the Dedicator. I confeſs myſelf actuated by both.

In regard to the *former*—Where could theſe Miſcellanies more judiciouſly addreſs themſelves than to the Honourable Poſſeſſor of political, military, and taſteful Eminence?—The *political* is recorded by *Portugal* and *Ruſſia*, who had the Happineſs to enjoy You in the high Office of PLENIPOTENTIARY from *Great Britain*; and though as different in Tempers as in Climates, the *ſouthern* and *northern* Courts have contended which ſhould applaud your Adminiſtration moſt. The *military* has on every occaſion, public, or private, been exerted with a prompt Alacrity, and has received a *late** Ratification from a *Prince* whoſe Characteriſtic is *Intrepidity*.—The *taſteful* is honoured by all Sons of *Liberty*, who are not unhappily ignorant of the polite Arts.

The

* *Coldſtream.*

DEDICATION.

The *latter* motive of *dedicating*, in me, ariſes from a National Veneration for all, whoſe ſuperior Qualifications of Head, and Heart, beam Honour on us.

I am,

MY LORD,

with the greateſt reſpect,

your moſt humble

and moſt obedient Servant,

PAUL HIFFERNAN.

PAUL HEYSE.

PREFACE.

THOUGH, in imitation of Mr. POPE, *I might apologize for the rhimed part of theſe* MISCELLANIES, *the youthful ſeaſon they had been moſtly written in; I chuſe rather to confeſs ingenuouſly, that I publiſh becauſe I think them not unworthy of appearing before the awful tribunal of the public.*

The far greater part of the verſified pieces here preſerved, beſides many others deſtroyed, were the amuſement of hours detach'd from more ſerious ſtudies in Paris *and* Montpelier.

Spina Voluptatis Imago, *and the* French *parallel of* Corneille *and* Racine, *were college exerciſes, which for the* Engliſh *reader I have thought proper to tranſlate.*

The proſe part is of a later date, and (barring the compilation relative to Confucius, *&c.) has been chiefly written in* Ireland.

PREFACE.

In both I have done my beſt; and perhaps thro' too great an anxiety of being correct, have ſometimes ſubſtituted a grammatic ſtiffneſs, or frigid turn, to what before was eaſy and ſpirited though leſs ſyntactic.

But as my judgment can be of no weight in this cauſe, it is decent to ceaſe prefacing, and let the works plead for themſelves, and author.

TASTE.

ERRATA.

Page 12. Line 8. for *morals or taſte*, read *taſte or morals*; p. 14. l. 24. to *ungrate* add *ful*; l. 26. for *could* r. *cold*; p. 16. l. 3. after *ſaid*, r. *to*; p. 21. l. 10. *panegyrics*, dele *s*; p. 32. l. 28. *lower*, r. *lover*; p. 36. l. 2. dele, *and is*; p. 58. l. 4. for *idiotiſm*, r. *idiocy*; p. 70. l. 12. for *wiſt* r. *twiſt*; p. 92. for *le Shouvette*, r. *Selhouette*; p. 94. l. 12. for *amuſement*, r. *amazement*; p. 118. l. 6. for *ſketoh* r. *ſketch*; p. 124. l. 18. r. *s'elance dans*; l. 26. r. *auteur*; p. 130. l. 7. *Caſtalio's* dele, *'s*; p. 136. l. 21. after *wou'd*, r. *you*; p. 137. l. 13. for *nervi*, r. *nervi*; p. 160. l. 3. for *nations*, r. *kingdoms*.

TASTE.

Omnes tacito quodam ſenſu, ſine ullâ arte, aut ratione, quæ ſint in artibus, ac rationibus recta, ac prava dijudicant. CICER.

Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind. POPE.

WHAT ſo common in almoſt every body's mouth as the word *Taſte*, yet what ſo little known, by the crowd of talkers, nay, ſo imperfectly defined by authors writing profeſſedly thereon? And what is ſtill worſe, thoſe are too often led aſtray, whom the ſeeds of natural judgment (unſophiſticated by books of critics no way qualified) would have ſet right.

This confuſion among writers, firſt ſprang from a ſervile deference to ſome; an hereditary meanneſs to copy their borrow'd, crude, and indigeſted notions, in others: and a too general neglect to examine the real eſſence of things, in moſt.

The certain way to advance in ſciences and arts, is, a noble diſdain to receive any thing from mere authority; however long its duration, or however numerous its abettors be; if not warranted by the ſcrutiny of unprejudiced reaſon. To act otherwiſe, were to be groſs idolaters of ignorance, and forfeit the name of man.

There are two methods of inveſtigating any ſubject—The one is *ſecondary* and conſiſts in adopting, and tranſcribing the opinions of other authors, and thoſe often jarring, which may be juſtly called *groping in the dark*:—The other method is *primary*; when diſſatisfied with ambiguous deſcriptions, and vague definitions, the mind can lay no hold on, we ſhake off the obſcure cloak of erring authority; ſtart back to the birth of time, view all things in their origin, follow their progreſs, trace human invention from its cradle to its grown-up ſtate: Nature ſtill bearing the flambeau before, to enlighten us in the glorious ſearch.

Man an out-caſt on this world, neceſſarily employed his firſt care in providing againſt the wants of life; and in improving the arts moſt conducive thereto: ſuch as *agriculture*, &c. Having by thoſe acquired plenty and eaſe; the innate aſpiring of his mind excited him to higher views, which are to look around, and examine his dwelling place.

The ſurface of the earth, and leaves of the trees, he perceives to be velveted over with green, being the moſt friendly colour to the eye. The azure vault attracts him next; how does he exult to ſee, from the gates of the bluſhing eaſt, the *ſun* ariſe in all his glory, to command the day; and the delegated *moon* rule the night with borrowed rays, attended by myriads of *ſtars!*

Every object has its beauty—In the moſt indifferent we can deſcry eſcapes of the Divinity. Spring, ſummer, and autumn,

autumn, have their distinct perfections. Nay, hoary winter is not destitute thereof, whether it present the eye with glassy plains of ice; or the earth and trees cover'd over with a snowy mantle: or the chafed ocean's rage in billows mountain-high.

Man, now turning his eyes on himself, finds a more refined and amazing beauty in polite society, of which amiable woman reigns the acknowledged queen; whilst her admirer man is happily employed to entertain her, with the real, or represented excellencies of the creation.

A chaste and happy choice in the represented beauties of nature, is the perfection of art: and an exquisite discernment to know it, is true taste.

The *seeds* of which, NATURE has given to most, but perish for want of being cultivated; or are defaced by a wrong education; which is a greater misfortune than well-behaved ignorance. The pupils of the former are known by wrong-headedness, obstinacy, and argumentative impertinence, true incorrigibles!

In works of *genius*, be they of the sublime, middle, or humble kind; as well as in buildings, dress, equipages, and every action of life; *true Taste* is distinguishable from *false* by the following *criterions*:

Majesty without pomp,
Magnificence without profuseness,
Elegance without affectation—

ETHICS

FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius CHRYSIPPO, *et* CRANTORE *dicit.* HOR.

SHAKESPEAR gives better rules for *moral* life,
Than dry *philoſophy*, the bane of *Taſte*.

BEFORE we proceed to any particular impeachment againſt our *morals*, or *Taſte*, 'tis but juſt that we furniſh our readers with ſtandard rules for their guidance in the latter, as we have in the former, that they may amend thereby; or if perſiſting in error, they may no longer plead ignorance for an excuſe of their folly.

In regard to *morals*, the beſt abridg'd ſketch, conceived by man, and moſt energically expreſs'd, is the ſpeech of *Polonius*, to his ſon *Laertes*, departing from him to make a tour to *France*. Which to more ſtrongly imprint on the the reader's mind, we'll (trembling) venture to paraphraſe. Bold and hazardous indeed is the attempt, to make this ſterling diſh of philoſophic food agreeable to the palates of very babes in underſtanding; and ſhould we fail, we hope this motive will obtain indulgence for us.

HAMLET. ACT I. SCENE VI.

'POLONIUS. *Give thy thoughts no tongue,*

A man by venting his thoughts, lets thoſe he converſes with, too much into his character. Hence *valets de chambre*, when capable of obſerving, have it moſt in their power to expoſe the *littleneſs* of the *great ones* of this world: Becauſe they ſee them in their unmaſk'd hours, and acting unconſtrain'd by any form, or politics.

'*Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.*

Proceedings of this kind, ſavour of *Quixotiſm*, and call the agent's ſenſe into queſtion.

'*Be thou* familiar, *but by no means* vulgar:

A golden precept, which though all readers muſt admire, how few can execute? It conſiſts in a man's acting towards his equals, with a noble complacency, and manly ſweetneſs; which at the ſame time, that it ſo pleaſingly attracts us to it, by a hidden, and unaſſum'd authority forbids our treſpaſſing, in the leaſt, againſt good manners. It likewiſe conſiſts in a *ſuperior*'s treating an *inferior*, with ſuch a gentle condeſcenſion, that he is approached by him, with an affectionate reſpect, yet kept within bounds, by the unaffected dignity that ſhines through the eaſy converſe of him in *ſuperior* rank. The contrary to this, is a diſtant air of awkward pride, which freezes, not warms; diſguſts, but never invites: Or *vulgar* freedom that bears down all civility, decency, and reſpect; and is introductive of brutality, ribaldry, and obſcenity.——*Friendſhip* like *love*, finds its ſureſt baſis in *rational politeneſs*.

'*The* friends, *thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,*
'*Grapple them to thy ſoul, with hooks of ſteel.*

How juſtly different did this great *genius* think from the vil-

villainous maxim of modern politicians!——*Neglect* your *friends*, but *court* your *enemies*; which conduct, as on one hand it never wins over one of the *latter*, but incurs their contempt the more, with this juſt reflection, 'What can we 'expect from a man, who treats his own baſely?' So on the other, it loſes the *former* by degrees. *Friends* may be deceiv'd, trifled with, ill-treated, once, nay, perhaps *twice*, but ſeldom oftener; for it is not in the nature of things, to continue in befriending that foremoſt of monſters an *ungrateful man*, to one's repeated loſs, and abuſe. Such *culprits* ever have been, and ever will, as appears from all hiſtory, fall the double victim of the triumphant ſcorn of *foes*, and merited diſeſteem of *injur'd friendſhip*. It is obſervable that weak heads have been the moſt guilty of this crime. For ungrateful *pride*, *puſillanimity*, and *ignorance*, walk hand in hand together. On the contrary, the *greater* the men, the juſter the ſenſe they have of ſervices render'd, to the leaſt article, and adequately recompenſe. Thus did CÆSAR, thus did *Cromwell*; and therefore not only ſucceeded, but maintained their acquiſitions. Their followers look'd on their leaders fortune as their own. What politics cou'd ſap? What power overthrow, MEN enthron'd in the hearts, and deified in the opinion of their adherents? An ungrate*St——t* courts the hands of thoſe reeking from his father's blood; but ſcarcely knows, or paſſes by, with a could ſhrug, the unhappy men, whoſe families had forfeited their lives and fortunes in his unworthy behalf. Their faces are irkſome to him, and look like ſo many reproachful petitions. This crime alone, as there is a God, who over-rules all, juſtly tumbled his co-ingrate ſucceſſor from the throne, he himſelf, ſat meanly, and totteringly on. Moſt other crimes are children of the fleſh, or ſhoots of our paſſions;

paſſions; but *ingratitude* is a claſs in itſelf, out-weighing all the reſt; 'tis that of the will uninfluenc'd by any connection with matter. It is the firſt crime, pre-exiſtent to the world, and ere time was; 'tis that of the fallen angels, againſt their Creator.

'*But do not dull thy* palm *with entertainment*
'*Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.*

The beauty of the *expreſſion* rivals the excellence of the *precept*, by giving a *ſenſitive edge* to the hand, in regard of friendſhip; which is to be kept ſheath'd up, us'd only on ſacred occaſions: and not to be *blunted* by frequent application to the ſoft, unmeaning, inſipidity of *new-hatch'd, unfledg'd* comrades; who got to-day, are loſt to-morrow, productive of nought, but diſappointment, and repentance.

'_____ *Beware*
'*Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,*
'*Bear't that the* offender *may beware of thee.*

A court of *honour* might take theſe lines for a *motto*, and form their ſtatutes from them. A man who ſeeks, or delights in, *quarelling*, is a mad bull let looſe into ſociety, and ought to be hunted by every body. *Real injuries* by cuſtom, or what you will, though diametrically oppoſite to the dictates of our religion, muſt be expiated, otherwiſe the *injur'd* loſes his rank in ſociety; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, a man muſt fight to live in quiet; which aſſertion, with the face of a paradox, is an abſolute truth.—But muſt *man* on every trifling occaſion be oblig'd to run the hazard of his life?—An unbred young maſter drop'd lately ſome impertinent expreſſions to a gentleman who has fought, and will fight whenever he thinks it incumbent

bent on his manhood ſo to do, though no man thinks more philoſophically againſt it. The gentleman being aſk'd by his friend, why he was ſo calm, on what had been ſaid him? anſwer'd: becauſe the utterer was contemptible. A *thoughtleſs two-footed animal*, cannot be guilty of the meaning of offenſive words, *It* injudiciouſly, and but parrot-like repeats. The terms, he confeſs'd, from any perſon worthy the name of *man*, would be affrontful, and call for ſatisfaction. His friend allow'd the validity of the argument, and they both fell into the following reflections on the *diſparity* in *fighting*, from circumſtances, and changes of life.—As it is oft-times not ſafe to fight thoſe in a ſuperior rank to us, ſo we ought to be nice how we deſcend to engage with thoſe below us.—A blow given by a *ſuperior* to an *inferior* makes him liable to the retort, throws down all prior inequality, and puts them on a level.——A man when married, on whoſe life, a wife, and childrens happineſs depend, is not to fight for the ſame trivial affront he would when a bachelor; the property being altered, he is no longer the ſole diſpoſer of himſelf. Nor ſhould a man entered into a ſober profeſſion, betray the ſame alacrity to ſkirmiſh, he did before. It is not reaſonable to expect that a *lawyer* entruſted with the *fortunes*, or a *phyſician* with the *lives* of many, ſhould fall a tilting on every ſlight occaſion.——What men do in *liquor*, or when their *heads* are *warm*, being the product of the then phrenzy of the brain, falls not under our obſervation. Our author's meaning is, that the quarrels purſuant to cool deliberation muſt be manfully maintain'd, that the *offender* may beware of the *offended*. According to the dictates of *nature* this doctrine is juſt; but is it chriſtian?

Give

—— beat

‘ *Give ev'ry man thine* ear, *but few thy voice,*
‘ *Take each man's* cenſure, *but reſerve thy* judgment.

The latter line is explanatory of the former, and imports, that by not giving our opinion precipitately, we ſhun many a ſcrape, and the being ſhamefully oblig'd to contradictions; for having heard every one's opinion, we ſhall certainly be the better enabled to judge aright, if abſolutely required: if not, our *ſilence* in ſuch caſes, is ſynonimous to *diſcretion.*

‘ *Coſtly thy* habit, *as thy* purſe *can buy,*
‘ *But not expreſt in* fancy; *rich* not *gaudy:*
‘ *For the* apparel *oft proclaims the man.*

That all men ſhould dreſs according to their rank, has been a truth univerſally eſtabliſh'd, in all ages and countries, except in this, and the neigbouring kingdom; where it is moſt ridiculouſly, abſurdly, and prepoſterouſly ſinn'd againſt. Many celebrated SAGES in their government of *ideal* perfection, would have a peculiar dreſs, or *ſtation-livery*, for every rank in life;

‘ *That the* apparel *ſhou'd proclaim the* man.

To dreſs above one's rank, inaſmuch as it denotes a cleanly and aſpiring ſpirit, is a thouſand times more pardonable, than the *muck-worm* tendency below it. In the preſent modiſh dreſſes, on *horſe-back*, or on *foot*, no ſtranger can ſurmiſe the preſence of a gentleman;—the riding-trim, is a dock'd bob-wig unpowder'd (for ſuch as wear not their hair) a whitiſh ſurtout, and a ſloutch'd lac'd-hat, in the groom faſhion, which is honour'd with the title of *New-Market-*

Cock, though we think, *Uncock*, would be properer. Their morning *foot-dreſs*, and afternoon attire for thoſe who have no other, is a little ſkut of hair, natural or artificial, tied up behind with a ſtring or two hanging from it. Two locks, bound up in paper durance, are ſtuck like tight centinels to either *temple*; or uncurl'd hang ſorrowfully down each cheek. A formidable brow-bruiſing hat, with a tremendous cock, ſeems to grow from the eye-ſockets, juſt in the point of conjunction, where the bone of the forehead, and thoſe of the noſe meet. A long, broad, melancholy *label* of black ribbon, having firſt made a tour round the neck, hangs waving before, navel-deep. The lower edge of their *circumcis'd apology* for a coat, when button'd, ſcarce kiſſes the flaps of their breeches-pocket; and is totally divorced from their lengthy ſword, which dangles a great way below it. in this *beteroclite* accoutrement, without deſigning it, our pretty maſters anſwer the two great ends of *tragedy*, *viz.* to excite *terror*, and *compaſſion*; *terror* in *children*, and *compaſſion* in the minds of the *rational*.

'*That the* apparel *ſhould proclaim the man*;

Every perſon ought to dreſs up to their rank, in unaffected elegance, and rich ſimplicity. He that indulges *fancy*, which in our author ſignifies *whimſey*, will give into ridicule, and draw on him the laugh of the taſteful, and judicious.

'*And they in* France, *of the beſt rank and ſtation*,
'*Are moſt ſelect, and generous, chief, in that.*

Theſe lines are confirm'd by the great reſort of ſtrangers thither, to improve in that point, and every elegance of life; for no men enjoy ſo well, with ſo much dignity, or know how to make a fortune go farther, than the *French* do.

'*Neither*

' *Neither a* borrower, *nor a* lender *be*,
' *For* loan *oft loſes both* itſelf, *and* friend,
' *And* borrowing *blunts the edge of huſbandry.*

Spend-thrifts this doctrine makes not for ye. A *borrower*, while he can get money on ſo eaſy terms as aſking for it, will not give himſelf the ſuperfluousunneceſſary trouble of exerting thoſe faculties by which he might acquire it. The *lender* oft loſes his *friend*, by calling for his *money*. The author is not to be underſtood to forbid all *borrowing*, or *lending*.—It is *lending*, and *borrowing* in regard to extravagancy, he ſpeaks againſt. The *borrower*, to whom money has been lent to indulge his paſſions, looks on the *lender*, who did it through *miſtaken friendſhip*, as an indirect encourager of his libertiniſm, and thinks with reluctance of paying him.—But it is generous, it is noble, it is patriotic, to ſuccour the induſtry of honeſt men, by uſeful loans; they as ſeldom, or rather never prove ungrateful: as the extravagant ſeldom, or never return the ſums due.

' *This above all*; to thine own ſelf be true;
' *And it muſt follow as the night the day*,
' *Thou can'ſt not then be* falſe *to any man.*

How can a man be true to another, who is falſe to himſelf, and acts not a conſiſtent character? Such men are incapable of friendſhip, and as they are falſe in *honour*, ſo will they certainly betray in *love*.

☞ Is it not ſurprizing that thoſe admirable lines are very ſeldom, or rather never ſpoken on the ſtage, though many abſurdities are ſcrupulouſly preſerv'd.—Such is the taſte of *managers!*

CHARACTERISTICS

OF TRUE

MANHOOD,

IN

YOUTH, *and* AGE.

Fais ton BONHEUR *enfin du* bonheur d'autrui. VOLTAIRE.

Let *thy* happineſs conſiſt in contributing to the happineſs of *others*.

BENEVOLENCE to mankind in general, BENEFICENCE to communities, or particulars deſerving of it, are the two great conſtituents of that glorious attribute of our nature, HUMANITY; and by which we approach neareſt to the Divinity.

It is in the power of many to appear in this amiable light; happy they that do, wretches thoſe who do not.

This virtue a prince may moſt eminently diſplay from the throne, by making his ſubjects intereſt his peculiar care, and cheriſhing them all in the genial warmth of his paternal affections.

In imitation of him, ſo may act a governor of a province, or a chief magiſtrate of a city.

The reverſe of theſe are tyrants of a higher, or a leſs degree.

Such

Such high ſtations are ſpheres of action, but for the elevated few; while numberleſs are the heads of families, in each of whoſe power it is to diſpenſe happineſs to all they deal with, and to all the ſubjects of their little world, their own houſe.——Thoſe actuated by this heavenly impulſe are worthy members of ſociety, and ſhine in the firſt degree of *patriotiſm*. Thoſe on the contrary who are the terrors of tradeſmen and their families, we abandon as odious incorrigible monſters; while we write with ſighs the annexed funeral panegyrics, which each moral reader muſt peruſe with tears.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?——

———————————

Ergo QUINCTILIUM *perpetuus ſopor*
Urget? Cui pudor, et juſtitiæ ſoror
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quandò ullum inveniet Parem? HOR.

" What bounds to my grief? Where ſhall my ſorrows
" end? Ye heav'ns QUINCTILIUS is no more!
" Death's fatal hand has cloſed his eyes in endleſs
" ſleep.—O when (for honour, juſtice, integrity
" and truth) ſhall we look on his like again?"

A young gentleman born to a *title*, and *ſplendid fortune* at the age of *two and twenty*, an age, when folly and vanity debar all entrance to *reflection*, exhibited himſelf not only a *phænomenon*, but a *phænix* of honour, and honeſty.

The eſtate he inherited was no way liable to his father's debts, who was but *tenant for life*. Yet of ſuch nice principles,

ciples, and delicate ſentiments was he, that he look'd on it as in a ſtate of pollution, whilſt *creditors* had only an *honourable*, not *legal* demand on it. He therefore reſolved to purify it of all taintful claims, that he might agreeable to his noble mind, enjoy it in a regenerated, and virgin ſtate. For this end, he erected within himſelf a new court of *equity*, in which HONOUR was *plaintiff*, his PASSIONS and YOUTH *defendant*; uncorrupted REASON *judge:* and his honeſt HEART *executor* of the *unprecedented decree*. To wit, that he ſhould purchaſe a *cornecy*, confine himſelf to three hundred pounds *per annum* of the eſtate, and let the reſt go, to pay off debts, *not his own!* Poets ſing, orators praiſe, hiſtorians record it. Prodigal fathers inculcate it into (it is to be hoped) your more frugal ſons.

What *Pope* ſaid of young HARCOURT in regard to his father, may be moſt juſtly applied to our deceas'd young Worthy's afflicted mother.

'*He never gave her grief, but when he died.*

To his ſiſters and brothers, he proved himſelf a father, by giving them an additional fortune, they had no title to, but through his love.

Beneficial leaſes he could break; which he ſcorn'd to do: he could not ſtoop even to the *legal* advancement of his own, by breaking in on, or thwarting the fortune of others. How unlike was he to many *blood-ſucking landlords*, the peculiar infamy of this kingdom*! who are rack'd in thought, and know no quiet, if any of thoſe who are ſo curſt as to derive under them, ſhould peep a line above the level of want, or impudently dare to wear a joyous face. Equal to FAMINE and PESTILENCE they ſpread *deſolation* over their

* IRELAND.

their lands; heart-wringing HORROR fore-runs their approach: their foot-ſteps are bedewed with the tears, and their tyrannic viſits proclaim'd by the groans of the ruin'd! lean-viſag'd *poverty*, and ſighing *miſery* walk after them.

Not ſo, when young *BINGHAM* * appear'd among his tenants. Like to the enlivening ſun, ſmiling plenty on all, he met ſmiles of welcome on every face. He water'd their fields with the hands of his generoſity; the rays of his benevolence made their gardens flouriſh: and their luxuriant harveſt invite the acknowledging reaper's hand. He was the conſtant object of their grateful thoughts, the darling of their boſoms, the vital ſtream of their hearts, and juſtly ſo; he knew no happineſs, but theirs.

How nobly us'd he to deal, how ſcrupulouſly (not chuſing to depend on another for fear of a neglect) whold he, ere he departed town, go from tradeſman to tradeſman to pay them, and never ſpoke harſhly to any, except when he politely chid them for not having brought in their bills *ſooner!* Tradeſmen weep his *death*, weep the loſs of ſo uncommon an example; go in annual proceſſion to his tomb, there make his panegyric in theſe words; 'Were all our young gentlemen 'BINGHAMS, *bankruptcy* would not ſo frequently ſhut 'up our doors; nor the LAW's cruel gripe hurl us into pri-'ſon: nor our reduced families, eating the bread of ſorrow, 'lament their undeſerved acquaintance with want. We 'ſhould never meet a ſurly anſwer to our modeſt demands, 'for the labour of our days, and ſweat of our brow. We 'ſhould not (as but too often happens) receive no other pay-'ment, but ſtrokes and kicks from brutal pride, and barbarous 'oppreſſion. Which injury, far from reſenting, we muſt 'humbly ſwallow, and thank the *honourable donor*'s hand, and 'foot for their favours.'—O ſhame to a civiliz'd nation!

In

* The late SIR JOHN.

In quality of a friend, he was eaſy, polite, and affable, always ready to oblige, becauſe ſerving another was to him a favour receiv'd. Cautious how he reſolv'd on any thing, but when he did, he executed it with manly determination.

How excellent a ſon, how tender a *brother*, how generous a *landlord*, how honeſt a *dealer*, how valuable a *friend* were here in the very *fever*, and *rage* of *youth!*——That we ſhould know ſo many ineſtimable qualities, but to lament the loſs thereof! what a *patriot ſenator* muſt he have been! how incorruptibly muſt he fill every poſt or office, he ſhould be commiſſion'd, or charg'd with! what a blow of virtues, (which would ſtill ſtrengthen, receive new luſtre, and more vigorouſly flouriſh with increaſing years) has *death*'s undiſtinguiſhing blaſt nipt in their early bloom!—He is no more! —What have I ſaid? He now truly is, he now contemplates, now enjoys his *Creator*, now drinks from the immenſe fountain of *bliſs*; whoſe weak repreſentative on earth, *worldly happineſs*, he us'd to ſo generouſly rain on all that were fortunately ſituated under his kindly influence.

The inconſiderate young gentlemen of the times, when come to poſſeſſion of, think no eſtate equal to their extravagant deſires. The man of ſmall fortune vies with one of greater, and he with another of ſuperior to him. Sums are borrowed upon ſums to gaudily, and rapidly drive thro' ſociety, without a thought of ſecuring a proper hold in it for life; thus *crank-built ſhips*, ſhewy to the eye, and of impetuous ſpeed in their courſe, by having their ſails crowded too much (which moderately us'd would be their ſafety,) trip up, and fall a prey to *Neptune*.—Is it not ſo with you, ſirs, by not keeping in a reef, but ſpreading out all your ſails to the utmoſt ſtretch, to the dangerous impulſe of your paſſions, and of youth? Why this vain equipage, *&c?*—

to be the laced idle gaze of a year or two, then to shamefully *pull in*, as the term is; harraſs your tenants, diſmember your eſtate: in ſhort, be dunn'd, proſecuted, impriſon'd, and ſcorn'd ever after.—Who of you, in your moſt riotous and wanton hours, on reflecting that you muſt as certainly die, as when, is uncertain, but would wiſh to have his *memory* embalm'd in the eſteem of the public? who of you but muſt ſhudder at the thought, that while his deſpis'd hearſe paſſes along, the people cry, there goes the lifeleſs body of one, which when animated by its baſe ſoul, was *honour-leſs*. Think then in time, repent, and reform. What aſſurances have you of a longer life, than the worthy ſubject of this paper? What he has been in ſociety, you have power to emulate; will but to do it, and the execution muſt follow: do not confine yourſelves to barrenly admire; virtuouſly imitate; ſcorn to be out-done in goodneſs; in fine, let *BINGHAM*'s conduct be your model to copy after.

DUNLARY, near *DUBLIN*,

Sunday, January 27, 1750-1.

We have this morning loſt a *man*,
Whoſe many *good qualities*,
Would do *honour* to the *higheſt rank*.
He was the *warmeſt friend*
But the moſt *generous enemy*.
At ſight of a *friend* joy ſmil'd in his Face.
To his *enemy* (when he had one) he was politely calm.

Tho' *advanc'd* in *years*, he was the ſoul of company.
He always diſcountenanc'd *ſpeaking ill* of the *abſent*:
But ſtrenuouſly *ſeconded* a *good report* of them.
Among the *young*, he was the *foremoſt* to promote *gaiety*.
By his *authority*, he kept in *indecency*,
And prevented all tendency to *quarrelling*.
With uncommon *mildneſs*
He bore the *impertinent* behaviour of *another*,
'Till puſh'd to the utmoſt ſtretch of *forbearance*,
Beyond which his *characteriſtic* was *courage*.
The *offender* repented
Not ſo much for the *chaſtiſement* receiv'd,
As that he had provok'd ſo *good-natur'd a man*.
Degraded by *fortune*
To *ſtations* his *ſoul* was *ſuperior* to,
He did as many diſintereſted acts of *humanity*,
As he had *tempting opportunities* to do *cruel ones*.
In the rage of contending *parties*,
He was *equally* belov'd by *both*.
By this faint ſketch
His *friends*, the *public*,
Enemies he had *none*,
Muſt with a ſigh recall to mind,
The gay and honeſt
JOHN COOK.

ETHICS

ETHICS

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

The preceding paraphraſe *on the ſpeech of* POLONIUS, *to his ſon* LAERTES, *having been lent to a lady; ſhe return'd it, with the following agreeable anſwer.*

THE exquiſite pleaſure I had in reading the *moral* lecture for MEN, inſpir'd me with a kind of ardent devotion, to fly to the ſublime work whence the text was taken.—How was my rapture heighten'd, to find, almoſt in the ſame *ſcene*, the beſt leſſon ever given to the *maiden* part of our ſex; partly from the mouth of a *brother* to his *ſiſter*, and partly from a *father* to his *daughter*: on that moſt flattering, as moſt dangerous article to *female* pride; to wit, to be courted by a perſon in ſuperior rank.—How tempting, but ſlippery, and oft attended with a ſhameful fall, are the paths leading to the glittering, alluring, but deceitful height. For,

Such is the fate unhappy women *find,*
And ſuch the curſe *entail'd upon our* kind
That man, *the lawleſs* libertine *may rove;*
Free, and unqueſtion'd thro' the wiles of love;
While woman, *ſenſe, and nature's eaſy fool,*
If poor, weak woman *ſwerve from* virtue's *rule,*

If ſtrongly charm'd, *ſhe leave the* thorny *way*,
And in the ſofter *paths of* pleaſure *ſtray*;
Ruin *enſues*, reproach, *and endleſs* ſhame,
And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame.
In vain with tears the loſs ſhe may deplore,
In vain look back on what ſhe was before,
She ſets like ſtars, that fall, to riſe no more.

ROWE. JANE SHORE.

HAMLET. ACT I. SCENE V.

LAERTES, OPHELIA.

LAER. ———

——— ' *Perhaps, he loves you* now,
' *And* now *no foil, nor cautel doth beſmerch*
' *The virtue of his will, but you muſt fear*
' *His* greatneſs *weigh'd*, his will is not his own,
' *For he himſelf* is ſubject to his birth,
' *He may not as unvalu'd perſons do*
' Carve for himſelf, ———
' ——— *Then if he ſays he loves you,*
' *It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,*
' *As he in his peculiar act, and place,*
' *May give his ſaying deed*—which is no further
' Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.

What the ſtate of *Denmark* was to HAMLET, every man's *family* of *ſuperior* rank to the lady courted, is to him.

' *Then weigh what loſs your* honour *may ſuſtain,*
' *If with too credent ears you liſt his ſongs,*

' *Or loſe your* heart, *or your* chaſte treaſure *open*
' To his unmaſter'd opportunity.

Should not *unmaſter'd opportunity* get its ends, the diſcontinuance of the courtſhip, brings the lady's character, however virtuous, yet imprudent, into queſtion.—With this cruel tack, a ſatiated ſtomach riſes from table. Therefore to every *maiden* reader I ſay with LAERTES.

' *Fear* it OPHELIA, *fear it my dear ſiſter*,
' *And keep within the* rear *of your* affection,
' *Out of the* ſhot *and* danger *of* deſire.

The figure here is wonderfully pretty, as it ſuppoſes AFFECTION and DESIRE with their forces drawn up in battle array; DESIRE on the *offenſive*, AFFECTION on the *defenſive* ſide; ſhe is adviſed to keep within the *rear* of the *latter*, in *virtue*'s reſerv'd quarters: where ſhe will be ſafe from the *ſhot* and *danger* of DESIRE.

' *The chaſteſt maid is* prodigal *enough*
' *If ſhe* unmaſk *her* Beauty *to the* moon.

Severe but juſt reproach to the modern cuſtom of unveil'd boſoms, expos'd to ſun, moon, and ſtars, for every lewd eye to feaſt upon, and riot in luſtful imagination; it is a kind of *petty harlotry*, *cheap proſtitution*, to thus wantonly excite criminal deſires in unſoliciting ſpectators.

' Virtue *itſelf ſcapes not* calumnious *ſtrokes*,
' *The* canker *galls the* infants *of the* ſpring,
' *Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd*;
' *And in the morn, and liquid dew of youth*,
' *Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.*

The

The plain and ſimple meaning of theſe elegant lines, is; that the imprudent deportment of a maid, however young, hurts her character ever after——is it not hard that a fault committed by us in a time of life, when we have the leaſt abilities to guide us, *paſſion* being ſtrong, and *reaſon* weak, ſhould irrecoverably blaſt our fame?——yet ſo it is.—Therefore, that very hardſhip ſhould make our ſex moſt delicate in their conduct.

'*Be wary then, beſt* ſafety *lies in* fear,
'Youth *to itſelf* rebels, *though none elſe near*.

Thoſe of our ſex who are happily diffident of their own ſtrength, as ſeldom ſtray into the filthy walks of cenſure; as, the raſhly confident as ſeldom fail of becoming the favourite ſport of ſcandal; wherefore we ſhould fear others much, ourſelves more: others we can ſhun, ourſelves we cannot. OPHELIA's anſwer to this brotherly ſpeech, is an inſtance of what travellers ſay, the *French* call *naif*; to which we have no adequate word in our language, and ſignifies the reſult of *ingenuous* elegance, and witty *ſimplicity*. Thus it runs,

'OPHELIA. ——————————
'*I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,*
'*As* watchmen *to my heart*——*But good my brother,*
'*Do not as ſome ſome ungracious paſtors do,*
'*Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;*
'*Whilſt like a puft or careleſs libertine*
'*Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,*
'*And recks not his own reed**.

SCENE

* That is, heeds not his own leſſons.

SCENE VI.

POLONIUS, LAERTES, OPHELIA.

‘ LAER. *Farewel* Ophelia, *and remember well,*
‘ *What I have ſaid.*
‘ OPH. ——*'Tis in my memory lock'd,*
‘ *And you yourſelf ſhall keep the* key *of it.*
‘ LAER. *Farewel.* Exit.
‘ POL. *What is't,* Ophelia, *he ſaid to you?*
‘ OPH. *So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord* Hamlet,
‘ POL. *'Tis told me he hath very oft of late,*
‘ *Giv'n private time to you; and you yourſelf*
‘ *Have of your* audience *been moſt* free *and* bounteous.
‘ *If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,*
‘ *And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,*
‘ *You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,*
‘ *As it behoves* my daughter, *and your* honour,
‘ *What is between you? Give me up the truth.*

She that is too *free* and *bounteous* of her *audience* to a woer, endangers her own, and family's honour——What would SHAKESPEAR ſay of our hackney-beauties that hang out in every public place, as if begging *matrimonial alms*—of whom it is ſaid, ſhould you aſk any perſon, do you know Miſs ſuch a one?—who does not know her. Did the youth of our ſex ſtudy how to have themſelves truly valued, they would appear ſeldomer, and then meet the ſame homage as the returning ſun does from thoſe, condemn'd to a half year's night.———Inſtead of that, by making themſelves too cheap, they pall upon the eye.——They are like cloaths hung out in *Monmouth-ſtreet*, which every one ſees, that

goes

goes by, but none chuſes to purchaſe, looking on them as a kind of *public property*.

'OPH. *He hath, my lord, of late made many* tenders
'*Of his* affections *to me.*
'POL. Affection! *puh! you ſpeak like a* green girl,
'*Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.*
'*Do you believe his* tenders *as you call them?*
'OPH. *I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.*
'POL. *Marry I'll teach you, think yourſelf a* baby,
'*That you have ta'en his* tenders *for* true pay,
'*Which are not* ſterling,—*tender yourſelf more dearly.*
'OPH. *My lord, he hath importun'd me with* love,
'*In* honourable-*faſhion.*

——*Honourable terms* is the game word of ſportſmen in *love.*

'POL. *Ay*, faſhion *you may call it, go to, go to.*
'OPH. *And hath giv'n* count'nance *to his ſpeech, my lord,*
'*With almoſt all the* vows *of* heaven.

'Tis the common artifice of all our gallant young gentlemen, to ſwear the whole catalogue of binding oaths to any SHE weak enough to believe them. For further conveniency, I have heard of one who always carried in his pocket, a New Teſtament neatly bound, ready to be produced when occaſion requir'd.

'POL. *Ay* ſpringes *to catch* wood-cocks. *I do know*
'*When the* blood burns, *how* prodigal *the* ſoul
'*Lends the* tongue vows.——

The warm lover to get his ends, is never niggard of promiſes;

miſes; nor the courted fool of attention to them: For it is a true remark—*Men* are born to tell *lies*, and *women* to believe *them*.

'——*Theſe* blazes, *O my daughter*
'*Giving more* light *than* heat, *extinct in both*
'*Ev'n in their* promiſe, *as it is a making*,
'*You muſt not take for* fire.——

They are but a *Will o'th' Wiſp*, an *Ignis Fatuus*, that leads the credulous follower to certain ruin.

'——*From this time*,
'*Be ſome what ſcanter of your* maiden *preſence*,
'*Set your* intreatment *at a* higher *rate*,
'*Than a* command *to* parley.—

The obedient, ready SHE, that can be whiſtled to any rendezvous, public, or private, muſt dwindle in the eſteem of her ſuiter, unleſs he be as ſilly as herſelf.—It is the nature of *man* to deſpiſe an obvious, eaſy, ſurfeiting conqueſt.

'——*For lord* HAMLET
'*Believe ſo much in him, that he is* young;
'*And with a larger tether may he walk*,
'*Than may be given you*.——

What are look'd on as ſlips of youth, harmleſs pranks in *men*, are mortal wounds to a *female* character.

'——*in few*, Ophelia,
'*Do not believe his* vows, *for they are* brokers.

BROKERS, admirable expreſſion.

‘ *Not of that* die *which their* inveſtments *ſhew*,
‘ *But meer implorers of* unholy *ſuits*,
‘ *Breathing like* ſanctified, and pious *bonds*,
‘ *The* better *to* beguile.——’

His *broker*-vows under the ſpecious, flattering pretext of of raiſing you to the dignity of being his wife, mean nothing leſs, than to degrade you into the infamy of being his *miſtreſs*.

‘ ——*This is for all:*
‘ *I would not in plain terms from this time forth*,
‘ *Have you to* ſlander *any moment's* leiſure,
‘ *As to give* words, *or* talk *with the lord* Hamlet.

How beautiful is, *ſlander any moment's leiſure*, by giving the world room to talk of her being ſeen in private with a man whoſe courtſhip ſhe is not entitled to.——O fie, upon the naughty maxim——I don't care what the world ſays of me.——I know my own innocence.——Nothing bad ever paſs'd between us.——If true, I'll ſwear it was not the gentleman's fault, unleſs he be of an uncommon, virtuous mould.——Tho' the public be ſometimes wrong, it is generally right.——Beſides, why incur its bad, or indifferent opinion of us, when we don't intend to live out of it; and that on our good, or light fame depends our happineſs, or miſery in ſociety?——Every individual of the ſex ſhould be as virtuouſly jealous of her character, as CÆSAR was *matrimonially* ſo of CALPHURNIA's, that *ſuſpicion* ſhould find *no loop* to *hang* a *doubt* upon it;—which to effect, keep clear of the coxcombs, beware of the puppies, let not thoſe reputation-tainters, thoſe peſtilential flies, in any ſhape approach

you; if they do, they'll certainly blow your name.—— Look on the word *marriage* as a *pimp*, when not introduc'd by proper authority, decency, and virtue; for as CHAMONT ſays to his ſiſter,

'*O let not* marriage *bait thee to thy* ruin.
'*Truſt not a* man; *they are by* nature *falſe*,
'*Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel, and inconſtant.*
'*When a* man *talks of* love, *with* caution *truſt him*;
'*But if he* ſwears, *he'll certainly* deceive *thee.*

ORPHAN. OTWAY.

Young Ladies, to avoid folly, converſe with the *diſcreet, ſober* part of your own ſex, and the *ſenſible* of the other, by whoſe converſe you may improve your underſtanding, and your virtue will run no riſque. For it is ſo order'd, in general, by Providence, that, in proportion, as men are *ſenſible*, they are chain'd by *principle* from being guilty of the favourite mean actions of the trifling *inſenſible* part of their ſex, which they deſpiſe. Were things otherwiſe, God help our ſex; for a *ſenſible vicious man*, (when ſuch a bewitching monſter appears) is the moſt dangerous rock *female virtue* can ſtrike againſt.—But, thank heaven, it is a rare *phænomenon*.

'*Were ye, ye fair, but* cautious *whom ye* truſt,
'*Did ye but know how ſeldom* fools *are* juſt,
'*So many of your ſex wou'd not in vain*
'*Of* broken *vows, and* faithleſs men *complain*;
'*Of all the* various wretches LOVE *has made,*
'*How* few *have been by* men of ſenſe *betray'd!*

ROWE. FAIR PENITENT.

Your ſhewing this weak quotation-effort of mine to our ſex, will oblige one, your plan has highly pleas'd, and is,

Your, &c.

CYNTHIA.

The lady's letter being on a moſt important ſubject to ſociety, and againſt thoſe, who under the maſks of courtiers, are real deſtroyers; we think it incumbent upon us to contribute our mite to ſo excellent a deſign, and that in a time too, when *chaſte honour*, ſeems a meer chimerical word; when fallacy, diſſimulation, with all the inveigling arts to lure a poor girl to her ruin, impregnated with oaths, vows, and imprecations, are not only faſhionable, but deem'd conſtituent of the character of a pretty gentleman, who ranks with, and figures in the eyes of his vicious companions, in proportion to the irreparable miſchiefs he has done.—That a neceſſitous culprit for ſtealing a thing of contemptible value, which can be cheaply, and eaſily ſubſtituted, ſhall ſuffer Death! and a criminal of the foremoſt rank, the quinteſſence of ingratitude, and cruelty, ſhall wantonly deſtroy what the world can't reſtore; be guilty of the worſt of murders, the *living death* of the unhappy creature he has deceived, yet eſcape with impunity! might by a foreigner be look'd on as a fault in our laws.

Our concern here, is for the too fond and believing maids; who thro' inexperience of this vile world, by *marriage vows*, from villians, are betray'd.——The intrepid, and adventurous laſſes, who don't think *men* to be ſuch terrible things, as is generally reported, and fear not, to look boldly at them in any place, or at any hour, appear to us not unlike thoſe who go ſcating on the ice, for their diverſion.——The amuſement, we confeſs, warms, but the unſkilfully fond of

it are very liable to fall on their backs, and not to the pity, but joke of all beholders.

Moſt men are in the caſe of their firſt father ADAM, to whom the enjoyment of this world ſeem'd irkſome, inſipid, and joyleſs, without an amiable companion, to whom he might communicate, and whence he might receive mutual happineſs.——On one hand, the ſweetneſs, ſoftneſs, and gentleneſs of the fair ſex, were deſign'd by providence to attemper the auſterity, roughneſs, and fierceneſs of ours: On the other, the hardineſs of our ſex, was meant as a ſhield to the timidity of theirs;——Hence the mutual neceſſity of pairing together;———hence the origin of marriage; in which ſtate the only ſolid bliſs, in this world, is to be found, according to MILTON's ſentiments thereon;

'*Hail wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource*
'*Of human off-ſpring, ſole propriety*
'*In paradiſe, of all things common elſe.*
'*By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men*—
'*Among the beſtial herds to range, by thee,*
'*Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,*
'*Relations dear, and all the charities*
'Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
'*Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,*
'Whoſe bed is undefil'd, and chaſte pronounc'd.
'*Here love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights*
'*His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,*
'*Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought ſmile*
'*Of harlot, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,*
'*Caſual fruition, nor in court amours,*
'*Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or mid-night ball,*
'*Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings*
'*To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.*

Tho'

Tho' this rapturous deſcription ſhews marriage in a moſt advantageous and inviting light; it muſt nevertheleſs be allowed that the happineſs of this ſtate depends greatly on the manner of arriving at it. It is never more ſurely found than by people of an equal rank going together with a mutual eſteem of each other's good qualities.

Though ſome young ladies of ſmall fortune, beauty, and incorruptible virtue, have tired their beſieging lovers of ſuperior rank into *marriage*; what has commonly been the conſequence? At beſt, coldneſs and indifference from them; ſcorn, and ill uſage from their families; with this meagre comfort——

'*Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.*

But is it not more deſirable, to be happy in an equal match? few of the fine gentlemen, who court a lady lower in fortune, or birth than themſelves, but would debauch her if they could;—which affront to her honour, however diſtant it may ſeem, or maſked it may be, ſhould put an end to the love-ſuit.—We therefore conclude that all courtſhip from a ſuperior whilſt he is dependent on his family, is not only dangerous, but chimerical to lay any ſtreſs on; and when he is his own maſter, hazardous at beſt.

Ay, but replies a ſmart laſs, 'ſevere moraliſt—do you 'think for all you now, that I will break off from my 'dear *Eugenio*, whoſe *honour* and *conſtancy* I am ſure of?'— '(Believe on)—beſides have I not the example of ladies of 'leſs merit in perſon, fortune, and mind, than I, who have 'been honourably raiſed by love?' But pray, Miſs *Flippant*, how much greater the number of the deceived? And what inſurance office has ſecured you? To-morrow, or next day, if things go wrong, then will there be nothing but ſighs,

tears,

tears, and exclamations—'O perjured dog! O traiterous 'villain! my dear, dear *Fanny*, who could have thought, 'nay dream'd, that things would ever come to this?' Why we who write this very neceſſary lecture for you and the giddy part of your ſex, would have almoſt ſworn it.

Were ye, ye fair ones but convinced of the excellence of an unſpotted character, ye would not walk hand in hand with monarchy, if thence the leaſt ſhadow of a ſtain could be reflected on it: *Virtue* being ſuperior to all wealth and titles. The virtuous maid, as ſhe walks forth in white-rob'd innocence, is univerſally confeſſed the pride of the creation—Heaven ſmiles on her, the ſtars ſhed their kindeſt influence, where ſhe goes, all nature gladdens at her approach; ſhe is the favourite triumph of the Divinity over the powers of darkneſs.——— Vice confounded, impotently gnaſhes its Teeth at her; and defeated dæmons, unable to behold the heavenly ſight, run howling to their native hell.

The true mark of a really honourable lover, is, that he never will take any liberty with the lady courted, but that which the ſtricteſt decency allows. Becauſe more in love with the immortal, than mortal part of her; as on one hand, he could not offer the leaſt indecorum: ſo on the other it would grieve him to ſee her imprudently paſſive on ſuch occaſions. The wooer who proceeds to be rude, will go farther, with the copious aid of promiſes and vows, and the deluded fair be ever after look'd on as a tainted fruit. The ſerpent has been there.

How many *LOTHARIO*'s in every great city, who, when met together exultingly boaſt of the havoc they have made? whilſt each deſerted *CALISTA* is a prey to grief: ſick of life, and taſteleſs of ſociety, from being a fair flower of which, ſhe is now become a monſtrous blot, ſhunn'd

by

by her late companions, object of public ſcorn, abhorr'd by relations, the undeſerved affliction of broken hearted parents, whom ſhe hurries with ſhame to an untimely grave.

For ſubject of reflection we preſent our fair readers with the following true hiſtory, which may be entitled,

The HEROIC SISTER.

In *Britany* a province of *France*, lived two young ladies, ſiſters, coheireſſes of a competent fortune, who were as univerſally eſteemed for their perfections of body and mind, as their uncommon love for each other; either of them was never grieved, nor pleaſed alone. An officer of a regiment quartered in the town, not more nobly born than they, but poſſeſt of a fortune quite above their pretenſions, courted the *elder* to the equal ſatisfaction of the *younger*, hoping to ſee her ſiſter ſo ſplendidly provided for. All his viſits and addreſſes were upon *honourable* terms.—In ſhort they appeared in all public places together, and were looked upon by every one, as huſband and wife.—The regiment by an order from court, decamp'd to new quarters in the extremities of *Languedoc*——The officer ſoon after ordered his equipage to be got ready in a private manner, and departed.—News whereof being brought to the younger ſiſter, ſhe was doubly ſtartled, at his not having taken leave of them, and at his clandeſtine elopement.——She flew to her ſiſter's apartment, whom ſhe found feeding her fickly thoughts with the dear image of her abſent lover, and thus, as recovering from a ſweet reverie, ſhe ſpoke—" Siſter is't not ' ſtrange he has not been with me theſe two days to conſult ' matters about our marriage, ere he depart after his regi- ' ment?'—Her generous heart knew no deceit.—' Ah ſiſter!' cries the younger, burſting into tears; ' Why theſe tears, ' replied

'replied the other in amaze, ſpeak whatever thou knoweſt, —' Oh my foreboding heart! patience kind heaven! then 'know (I fear deluded ſiſter) that at the dead hour of yeſter-'night, your lover departed the town in poſt.'—The thun-der-ſtruck lady made no anſwer, but fainted away, and was ſcarce out of one fit, but into another. At length recovered by her diſtracted ſiſter's care, ſhe cried, 'I'm ruined, I'm 'undone. In conſequence of the moſt ſolemn, and ſacred 'oaths I yielded up my honour, and now carry the growing 'proof of my ſhame.—His ſtill putting off our marriage 'whenever I preſs'd him to it, joined to his midnight eſcape, 'ſhew my ruin but too plainly."—Here grief broke in, and interrupted her diſcourſe. The ſympathizing ſiſter equally felt the contagious ſorrow.——Sighs echo ſighs, ſtreaming tears trace furrows on each beauteous face.—The younger ſiſter comforted the forlorn, as well as circumſtances would permit, prevailed on her to conſent to retire to their country-ſeat, for a few days, that nothing might tranſpire; for, that ſhe had a ſcheme in her head to make the gentleman fulfil his engagements. It was agreed upon; ſo reſolved, ſo exe-cuted—The afflicted lady went to the country.—The other ſent a truſty man-ſervant to the poſt-houſe, to hire a chaiſe and the beſt going horſes; bid her waiting-maid bring her her travelling dreſs, and immediately prepare to go with her. They're on the road.—In the middle of the third day's moſt vigorous purſuit, ſhe overtook him in a town where the regiment halted. Being inform'd where he was at dinner, and perhaps boaſting of his late honourable exploit; ſhe order'd to drive thither, and ſent in for him. Being an officer, and a *Frenchman*, he was too polite to let a lady wait, but came running out from table to the poſt-chaiſe. He no ſooner perceiv'd the ſiſter of her he had abandon'd, but

inſtead of being ſtruck with any concern, a thorough good opinion of himſelf whiſper'd to him, that love of his precious perſon had made her undertake that long dance after him: therefore accoſted her with an air of ſecure triumph, and ſeveral compliments of gallantry, as, 'Madam, the additional good fortune'—and 'the unexpected happineſs of meeting 'your amiable perſon here, *&c.*' he pray'd her in to dinner,—ſhe lit out of the chaiſe,—but as ſhe got under the gateway of the inn, ſtopt him ſhort by the ſleeve, and ſaid, 'Sir, I am 'come all this way, and in this very great hurry, to know if 'you'll do juſtice to my ſiſter, which is to return with me 'immediately, and marry her.'—To which he cavalierly reply'd, 'that if he had any diſtant thoughts of marriage, it 'ſhould be for herſelf and not for her ſiſter;' then offer'd to hand her into the houſe. Enrag'd at the inſulting anſwer, ſhe aſſur'd him, ſhe would not go a ſtep forward, nor let go her hold, until ſhe had his laſt, his poſitive anſwer, on that head.—'Why then, by his honour, ſwore he, madam, 'that you may certainly found your hopes of having me to 'yourſelf, and be no longer jealous of an inſipid ſiſter; ſhe 'is the laſt woman in the world, I would think of marry-'ing.' At this final declaration, ſhe with a pocket-piſtol ſhot him thro' the head, as he was making a ſneerful bow to her.—Down dropt at her feet the victim, ſacrificed to the *manes* of her ſiſter's honour. The heroine look'd on the breathleſs, perjur'd corpſe with ſcorn, and magnanmiouſly ſaid,—'Thus periſh by a female hand each baſe betrayer of 'the fond weakneſs of our ſex.' The people of the inn, and neighbourhood, alarm'd at the deed, flock'd round her. She chearfully ſurrender'd herſelf to juſtice. An exact detail of the affair was ſent to court, whence by return of the poſt ſhe receiv'd a moſt gracious pardon.

—*neque*

——— *neque enim lex æquior ulla*
Quam necis artifices, arte perire ſuâ. OVID.

" Nothing is more juſt, than that the perſon who con-
" trives another's ruin ſhould periſh thereby."

At her return home, ſhe inform'd the diſconſolate recluſe of what had paſs'd, but receiv'd no anſwer from the ſtatue of grief, ſave ſighs, tears, and ſpeaking looks towards heaven; ſhe refus'd all kind of nouriſhment, and died in a few days, thro' the double anguiſh of her loſt reputation, and haſty death of her yet dear deſtroyer, all faithleſs as he was.——The generous ſiſter, widow'd by the afflicting loſs, and render'd averſe from our ſex by the execrable ſpecimen ſhe had puniſh'd, retir'd to a convent from the ſlanderous noiſe, and calumniating buſtle of the world,

We ſhall cloſe this ſyſtem of FEMALE ETHICS *with two* Love-Caſes; *the one of a moſt extraordinary; the other of a more ordinary nature.*

THE FIRST.

One of the moſt remarkable courtſhips from a *ſuperior*, was that of LEWIS XIV. to the celebrated, and amiable Mademoiſelle MAZARINE; he lov'd and was lov'd by her, with an unfeign'd paſſion, nay, would have married her, had not her *uncle* the CARDINAL interfered. Who ſo ſtrongly remonſtrated to, or rather maſter'd, the *king* to ſacrifice his *love* to his *dignity*. She by her *uncle*'s orders retir'd to a convent. Their behaviour at parting is ſaid to have helped RACINE, in the moving ſcene of his tragedy, called TITUS and BERENICE, where that emperor takes

leave of that queen for a like motive. The young monarch *Lewis* who had as tender a heart, as an aſpiring and ambitious mind, felt all the pangs of grief at parting. She, beautiful in ſorrow, on obſerving *tears* of *love* in the *king*'s eyes, to this purpoſe pathetically and ſublimely expreſs'd herſelf.

'*Vous etes roy, vous pleurez! Je pars, et vous m'aimez!*

'You are king, you weep! I part, and you love me!

The plain inanimate meaning of which, is, as *king* was he to weep, for that, which he had but to *will*, and *have?* Was the *abſolute maſter* of *France* to *part* with what he *lov'd*, and by a *ſubject's order!*—Notwithſtanding, the CARDINAL prevail'd.

The queſtion now is, Did he well or ill? As *uncle* he acted perhaps not according to *nature*; but as *prime miniſter* he acted according to *prudence*.

The paſſion of love once abated, repentance in the king for the inequality of the match muſt follow; the combin'd jealouſy of the great ones of *France*, and enmity of all the branches of the houſe of BOURBON, be play'd againſt the *uncle*, to eject him out of the *miniſtry*: his *niece* perhaps be divorc'd, or condemn'd to ſome royal priſon.

The political prieſt knew the world too well to be guilty of ſuch a *faux pas*.—Would it be amiſs for the parents, neareſt relations, or friends of any young lady in a like ſituation, to reflect on the cardinal's conduct in this affair, and not proceed with too greedy haſte, but calmly conſider all the conſequences, as he did.

THE SECOND.

To make an *idol* of *money* is as great an unhappineſs; as to neglect acquiring a *decent competency* is unwarrantable, ſilly, and highly blameable. Thoſe

Thoſe nominal philoſophers who have cried down any regard for *money*, however *neceſſary*, indirectly apologized for their own indolence.

For, with their leave, the ſureſt way to cultivate *virtue*, and ſhield her from all attacks of *vice*, is thro' an *independent* ſtate, to be never liable to ſordid temptations.

Let *ſpeculative indigents* advance what fine-ſpun doctrine they pleaſe, *practical poverty* tyrannizes many to low actions, which, in happier circumſtances, they would tremble even to think of.

It is therefore incumbent on every man to labour to procure for himſelf, a *genteel ſufficiency*, even for the ſake of *ſenſe*, *talents*, and *virtue*, all which, without it, are deſpiſed. For, to apply the poet's words,

'*Merit* in *rags* is turn'd to *ridicule*.'

We have been led into this chain of reflections by the the following incident.

A handſome young man, ſenſible, and well bred; a young lady of a pleaſing figure, and well educated, were deeply enamoured with each other. One circumſtance greatly favoured their *paſſion*; which was an exact *equality* of *fortune*; for they were both of the elegant claſs of *quality-beggars*.—They were determined on *marriage* in ſpite of all friendly remonſtrances, which were, 'That it was the young man's 'buſineſs to ſeek a *wife* whoſe *fortune* would capacitate 'him to make her and himſelf happy; and that the young 'lady ought to remain ſingle, unleſs an alliance were offered 'that would raiſe her above her preſent ſcanty ſtate.'——

'To

To this advice no other were given but anſwers of *Arcadian* happineſs.——‘ What is *gold* but *dirt?* what in this world ‘ is comparable to *true love?*’ HE forſooth choſe to marry her purpoſely, becauſe neither of them had any fortune, to ſhew degenerated mankind, there might yet be ſuch a thing as diſintereſted *paſſion:* SHE declared for poverty with him to give proofs of a *generous flame*, rather than enjoy *affluence* with another.———

We in return addreſs'd a few *quæres* to the young gentleman, who by the *charter* of his *ſex*, ought to have had a greater command over his *paſſion*, than the enamour'd young lady.

I. is not *Arcadian happineſs* a ſynonimous expreſſion for *modern poverty?*

II. After the firſt month (for which you at preſent think of nothing but extatic raptures, ſtreams of nectar, myrtle groves, lying on *Cupid*'s flowery couch, covered with a purple canopy ſtudded with ſtars; and a thouſand ſuch whimſeys, all which one hours want will annihilate) how will things be alter'd? How will the *imaginary* cup of bliſs, be transform'd into a *real* fountain of ſorrow? How fondneſs will turn to rebukes, and tender expreſſions to mutual reproaches?

III. Why meanly, and impotently rely on friends to ſerve you, who have ſo eminently hurt yourſelf, and ruin'd another.

IV. Say, will your relations, LORD, SIR, or SQUIRE ſuch a one, whom your fickly thoughts repreſented to you, as under an indiſpenſible obligation of ſerving you, think ſo themſelves?

V. Will not the imprudence of your match make them not care to ſee, or hear from you.

VI.

VI. Will not the very knockers at their doors ſeem to refuſe their office for you? and from every *ſervant*'s face, will you not be able to foretel the cold reception you are to meet with?

VII. Would it not be more manly, generous, and heroic, to ſtifle a paſſion (which muſt more than probably be productive of the beloved object's unhappineſs) and ſtrive to perſuade her to a like way of thinking?

If the above *arguments*, and thoſe *quæres* ſhould prove ineffectual; the ingenious, *Randolph* will be more ſucceſsful, it is hoped.

Let not impotent luſt *ſo pow'rful be*
Over thy reaſon, ſoul, and liberty,
As to enforce thee to a married *life,*
Ere thou art able to maintain a wife.
Thou canſt not feed *upon her* lips, *and* face,
She cannot cloath *thee with a poor* embrace,
Thy ſelf being yet alone, *and but* one *ſtill,*
With patience can'ſt endure the worſt of ill.
When fortune *frowns, thou to the wars may'ſt go,*
To fight againſt *thy* foes, *and* fortune *too.*
But, oh! the grief were treble, *for to ſee,*
Thy wretched bride *half pine'd with poverty.*
To ſee thy infants *make their* dumb *complaint*
And thou not able to relieve their want.
The pooreſt beggar, *when he's dead and gone*
Is rich *as he that ſits upon the* throne.
But he that having no eſtate, *will* wed,
Starves *in his* grave, *being wretched when he's* dead.

THE CHARACTER OF *POLONIUS*, CRITICALLY EXAMINED.

From the excellence of the foregone precepts, an obvious enquiry aroſe, whether the principal utterer of them could have been that ideot, he is generally miſrepreſented on the ſtage, and thus the inveſtigation was carried on.

IT had long been our private opinion, which now we publicly declare, That more abſurdities, have taken riſe from, and been foſter'd by the *learned ignorance* of the *doctor-gentry* of the *three faculties*, than from *natural taſte*, not *miſled* by the *pedantry* of *ſchools*; the *latter* obviouſly and chearfully reliſh whatever beauties come in their way; the *former*, gloom-loving owls of miſtaken learning, cannot bear the leaſt ray of ingenious light, they are ſuch ſtrangers to, and ſo averſe from.

'*Many are ſpoil'd by that* pedantic *throng*,
'*Who with great pains teach youth to* reaſon wrong.

POPE.

That the bonnetted buzzards of univerſities, have often, by an uſurp'd authority, led aſtray the *leſs knowing*, but *more taſteful*, is not ſo ſurprizing; as that a practical error of the ſtage ſhould have induced men of learning to deviate, and that moſt glaringly, in regard to the character of *Polonius*, in *Hamlet*. We happen'd lately to dip into the remarks of a celebrated gentleman, upon SHAKESPEAR, and were not a little aſtoniſh'd at his obſervations on the ſpeech where *Polonius* gives advice to his daughter. Were it not too bold an aſſertion for us, we ſhould incline to think that the gentleman ſtudied to elaborately miſtake his author. If what he calls *fuſtian* in that ſpeech, be ſo, what will become of the greater part of the play, which has perhaps, more beauties in it than any other, antient, or modern, notwithſtanding the many anti-dramatic ſtrokes?

Had the learned *commentator* judg'd of *Polonius* by SHAKESPEAR, he could never have given into the traditional error of the *players*.

The character of *Polonius* is not that of a conceited, pragmatical, old driveller; but that of a pliant, ſubtle, facetious, witty courtier, which we'll endeavour to prove from three heads.

Firſt, From the place he occupies.——Secondly, From the eſteem he is held in by the king.——Thirdly, From his *actions*.

1ſt, *His place*. He is *chamberlain*, miniſter, and ſole confident to a deep, ſettled villain, guilty of fratricide, and

uſurper of the throne of *Denmark*. Illuſtrious knaves do not chuſe oafs to hold the reins of their government, for fear they ſhould give them over to their enemies.

2dly, *The eſteem he is held in.*—What greater compliment could by a prince (and not a weak one) be paid to a ſubject, than the king does to *Polonius*, when he ſpeaks to his ſon *Laertes*?

ACT I. SCENE II.

'KING. *And now* Laertes, *what's the news with you?*
'*You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the* Dane,
'*And loſe your voice. What wouldſt thou beg*, Laertes,
That ſhall not be my offer, *not* thy aſking?

This is certainly a moſt polite condeſcenſion from a king; and why? Becauſe,

'*The* blood *is not more* native *to the* heart,
'*The* hand *more* inſtrumental *to the* mouth,
'*Than to the* throne *of* Denmark *is* thy *father.*

By this it appears that he look'd on *Polonius* as the prop of his throne. Could a driveller be ſo?

ACT II. SCENE II.

'POL. *Th' ambaſſadors from* Norway, *my good lord, are joyfully return'd.*
'KING. *Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.*

Obſerve the king is always on the tip-toe of courteſy to him, never jokes on him, as he certainly would, were he, the old ape, the players repreſent him;—Nay, that he was look'd on in quite a witty light at court, appears from the queen's anſwer to him.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

'QUEEN. *More matter with leſs* art,
'POL. *Madam, I ſwear I uſe no* art *at all.*

In the ſame ſcene.

'POL. *What do you think of me?*
'KING. *As of a man* faithful *and* honourable.

Polonius's deſcription of the progreſs of *madneſs* in conſequence of rejected love is humourous, and pretty,

'POL. *She took the fruits of my advice,*
'*And he repuls'd, (a ſhort tale to make)*
'*Fell to a* ſadneſs, *then into a* faſt,
'*Thence to a* watching, *thence into a* weakneſs,
'*Thence to* lightneſs, *and by this* declenſion,
'*Into a* madneſs *wherein he now raves,*
'*And we all wail for.*

On the king and queen's doubting of what he advances, obſerve how he replies, more like a ſubject *fear'd*, than *fearing*.

'KING. ——*Do you think this?*——
'QUEEN. ——*It may be very likely.*
'POL. *Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,*
'*That I have poſitively ſaid,* 'tis ſo,
'*When it prov'd otherwiſe?*

The king immediately retracts.

'KING. *Not that I know.*

3dly. *His actions.*—Which are two-fold, either from *his own will*, or thoſe which he is ordered in by the king.

His own *free actions*,—ſee his advice to his ſon *Laertes* paraphraſed, as well as that to his daughter. Read the *firſt ſcene* of the *ſecond act*, too long to be tranſcribed, where he gives *Reynold* advice, how to pry into his ſon's conduct, in *Paris*, which three inſtances, if they do not prove him of conſummate knowledge of the world, of the heart of man, and of woman too, we are greatly miſtaken.

When from *Ophelia*'s deſcription of *Hamlet*, *(act 2. ſcene 2.)* he learns the ſtate he is in, how juſt and ſenſible does he ſpeak!

'POL. *This is the very extaſy of love;*
'*Whoſe violent property fore-does itſelf,*
'*And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,*
'*As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,*
'*That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;*——
'*What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?*
'OPH. *No, my good lord, but as you did command,*
'*I did repel his letters, and denied*
'*His acceſs to me.*
'POL. *That hath made him mad,*
'*I'm ſorry that with better head, and judgment*
'*I had not quoted him, I fear'd he trifled,*
'*And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy!*
'*It ſeems it is as proper to our age,*
'*To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinion,*
'*As it is common for the younger ſort*
'*To lack diſcretion.*'

We appeal to the ſacred tripos of common ſenſe, experience, and

and wiſdom, if ever reflection dropt from the mouth of man, more agreeable to them than the laſt is?

Actions ordered by the king.——It is manifeſt, through the three acts of the play in which *Polonius* lives; that he is not only chamberlain to the king, but alſo to his heart, and carries the key of his ſecrets.—He is employ'd by him to hunt out the cauſe of *Hamlet*'s madneſs, whether it be real, or feign'd; and which, it concerns his peace and crown to know. Would a driveller be ſet upon buſineſs of ſuch importance to the ſtate? How dextrouſly does *Polonius* execute it? In act 2. ſcene 5. he is to accoſt *Hamlet* in a gay, and affectedly open manner, take every rub from him in a good natur'd manner, and with a ſmile.

'HAM. *You are a fiſhmonger.*
'POL. *Not I, my Lord,* &c.
'——*Still harping on my daughter,*
'*Yet he knew me not at firſt, he ſaid I was a fiſhmonger.*

Then he concludes.

'——*He's far gone.*——

From this concluſion, what was it natural for a witty ſtateſman to do, to find out the cauſe? Why to feign to have formerly labour'd under a like malady; for there is in man a natural tendency towards thoſe, who have ſuffer'd from the ſame cauſe: Therefore *Polonius* artfully drops, as it were aſide, that he might be the leſs ſuſpected, though in a view of being over-heard by the prince,

'——*And truly in my youth*
'*I ſuffer'd much extremity for love,*
'*Very near this.*——

Polonius

Polonius finding *Hamlet* not to ſnatch at the bait he threw out; to tie a converſation with him at any rate, ſays.—

'*What do you read, my lord?* &c.

Polonius is to examine the prince's every geſture, with an inquiſitor's eye, and every word with a croſs-examiner's ſagacity. Though *Hamlet*'s feign'd madneſs be executed to the higheſt pitch of human invention, he is on the point of being diſcover'd.

'POL. *Tho' this be madneſs, yet there's method in't,*
'*Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?*
'HAM. *Into my grave.*
'POL. ——— *Indeed that is out o'th' air:*
'*How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?*
'*A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,*
'*Which ſanity and reaſon cou'd not be*
'*So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of.*——

By this (in itſelf) ſenſible reflection, baffled *Polonius* gives up the purſuit himſelf; but as a true politician reſolves to play *Ophelia* at *Hamlet*.

'——— *I'll leave him*
'*And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting,*
'*Between him and my daughter.*

In the interim of his daughter's being ſet on *Hamlet*, *Polonius* comes (ſcene 7, of the ſame act) to inform him of the players; ſome jokes paſs between them; and *Polonius*, watching every opportunity of paying his court to the prince, compliments him on his ſpeaking a ſpeech.

'POL.

‘ POL. *'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and diſcretion.*

On the other hand, *Hamlet* ſeizes every occaſion to rebuke, and keep *Polonius* at a diſtance; for inſtance, when he ſays to the actor,

‘ POL. *This is too long.*
‘ HAM. *It ſhall to the barber's with your beard,* &c.

Polonius true to his game, will not quit it for a ſlight rebuff.

‘ PLAYER. *But who, O who, had ſeen the mob-led queen?*
‘ HAM. *The mob-led queen!*

Polonius, true courtier, finding the expreſſion pleaſes the prince, approves of, and repeats it.

‘ POL. *That's good, the mob-led queen, is good.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Obſerve with what caution, this character miſrepreſented as a fool, fixes *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*'s way, that he may not leave the leaſt room for ſuſpicion of any deſign againſt him.

‘ POL. Ophelia, *walk you here—gracious ſo pleaſe ye.*
‘ *We will beſtow ourſelves:—read on this book:*
‘ *That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour*
‘ *Your lonelineſs, we're oft to blame in this,*
‘ *'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,*
‘ *And pious action, we do ſugar o'er*
‘ *The devil himſelf.*

This laſt reflection is not that of a fool.

Scene

Scene 3. of the ſame act, enter *King* and *Polonius*, who have overheard *Hamlet*'s wild incoherent diſcourſe to *Ophelia*; the king opens to him his deſign of ſending *Hamlet* to *England*.

' POL. —— *My lord, do as you pleaſe;*
' *But if you hold it fit, after the play*
' *Let his queen mother all alone entreat him;*
' *And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you in the ear*
' *Of all their conf'rence,* &c.
KING. —— *It ſhall be ſo.*

Obſerve the king's deference to *Polonius*'s opinion, preferring it to his own.——Obſerve alſo, that all the ſchemes to diſcover the prince's madneſs come from *Polonius*; 1ſt, by himſelf; 2dly, by his daughter; 3dly, by the prince's mother——Where he ſays to the actors,

' POL. *Give o'er the play.*

Theſe words are be ſpoken ſternly, and with an air of menacing authority, not ſnivelingly.

Another of the miſplayed ſcenes, is where *Polonius* comes on to *Hamlet* from the queen his mother; the prince ever carefully ſhuns any occaſion of joining diſcourſe with him, as he fears him moſt, and therefore ſhews the higheſt ſtrains of affected madneſs when he is with him.

' POL. *My lord, the queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.*
' HAM. *Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a* camel?
' POL. *And by the maſs, and its like a* camel *indeed.*
' HAM. *Methinks it is like an* ouzle.
' POL. *It is black like an* ouzle.

'HAM. *Or like a* whale.

'POL. *Very like a* whale, *&c.*

Hamlet ſtill eſcapes from *Polonius* who ſtrives to get in with him, examining him here, as in a fore-mention'd ſcene, with an enquiring eye, and ear; the contraſt of theſe ſcenes, if ſo played, would be very beautiful on the ſtage.—*Hamlet* by his uneaſineſs here, ſeems to be almoſt run down.

'HAM. *Then I will come to my mother bye and bye.——*
They have fool'd me to the top of my bent.

Does not this ſeem to ſay, they have played me off to the full ſtretch of my aſſumed character?

What truſt and dependance has not the king in *Polonius?* Nay, more than in the queen, partner of his bed and throne. For when the prince is to have an interview with his mother, as *Polonius* had deſired,

'POL. *My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet,*
'*Behind the* arras *I'll convey myſelf,*
'*To hear the proceſs——I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.*
'*But as you ſaid, and truly was it ſaid,*
'*'Tis meet that ſome more audience than a mother*
'*(Since nature makes them* partial*) ſhould 'o'er-hear*
'*The ſpeech of vantage: fare you well my liege.*
'KING. *——Thanks, my dear lord.*

Is not this the conſummation of the king's truſt in, and affection towards him?

Polonius's death by *Hamlet*'s ſword, is well contrived by all the rules of *poetical juſtice*; as he was chief friend to an uſurper guilty of fratricide: and conſequently his foe. Moreover if he had not been diſpatch'd in the beginning of the ſcene, *Hamlet*'s feign'd *madneſs* would be diſcovered.

Now let's examine into the cauſe of miſtaking this character, and we ſhall find it proceeds from wrongly underſtanding the word *fool*, which does not ſo often ſignify *idiotiſm*, as talents join'd to a bad heart; miſapplied; or in oppoſition to us: for a modern inſtance ſee Dr. SWIFT,

'*Hated by* fools, *and* fools *to hate.*
'*Be that my motto, that my fate.*

We don't ſee where would be the heroiſm to declare hatred to, and defy the hatred of what are vulgarly call'd fools. Let every reader recollect from his own experience, if it be not uſual even in *rational* men to call thoſe on the other ſide of a queſtion *fools*, however ſhining their talents be, and that for no other reaſon, but their being againſt them. And we believe SWIFT himſelf, to have been often call'd ſo by his antagoniſts. In this ſenſe therefore, are we to underſtand the word *fool* in *Hamlet*'s mouth, in regard to *Polonius*.—Two inſtances will ſuffice to prove our meaning.—After he has kill'd *Polonius*.

'HAM. *Thou wretched, raſh intruding* fool, *farewel.*
'*I took thee for thy betters, take thy fortune,*
'*Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.*

This alludes to *Polonius*'s earneſtneſs to diſcover his madneſs. At the end of the ſaid ſcene,

'*(——— Indeed this counſellor*
'*Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,*
'*Who was in life a* fooliſh prating *knave.)*

Knave explains the epithet *fooliſh* here; and *prating*, from an enemy depreciatingly allows a talent for eloquence.

When *Fulvia* got *Cicero*'s head, and triumphing with her party, ran a needle through that tongue, which was the late oracle of *Rome*, and ſcourge of her huſband *Mark Antony*; no doubt but ſhe and they call'd it the tongue of a *fooliſh prating knave*—this would not prove *Cicero* to have been a fool.

We may now conclude, that firſt, from the place he occupied; ſecondly, the eſteem he was in with the king; thirdly, his words and actions; *Polonius* is not repreſented, as conceived and drawn by SHAKESPEAR.

The way then to know the juſt value of any *theatrical* character, is to ſeek it in its author only, and no where elſe. —By *Hamlet*'s own wild words after *Polonius*'s death, he indirectly confeſſes him to have been a *politician*, and to the *dead* moſt people are more willing to allow their merit, than to the *living*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

'KING. *How* Hamlet, *where*'s Polonius?

'HAM. *At ſupper.*——

'KING. *At ſupper! where?*

'HAM. *Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain*
'*convocation of* politic *worms are at him.*——

A very ſingular parity ſtrikes us here, which is, betwixt *Ulyſſes* and *Hamlet*, *Palamedes* and *Polonius*. *Ulyſſes* and *Hamlet* feigned madneſs for different cauſes. *Palamedes* and *Polonius*, as the propereſt perſons in each kingdom, were employed to diſcover whether it were *real*, or *not*. *Palamedes* found *Ulyſſes* (who through exceſſive love for *Penelope* his wife, declin'd going to the *Trojan* war) extravagantly driving a plough yoked to cattle of different kind, along the ſea-

ſhore, and ſowing it with ſalt. After many vain ſtratagems againſt a man (whom he knew to be not a fool) he hit on one that ſucceeded; which was to fix *Ulyſſes*'s infant ſon *Telemachus* in the way of a furrow he was cutting; the ſtartled father peep'd through the pretended madman, and turn'd the plough another way; which diſcovered the cheat, and *Ulyſſes* was forc'd to the war of *Troy*. He ever after look'd on *Palamedes* as a buſy meddling fool, and effected his ruin. ——*Polonius* laboured to diſcover *Hamlet*'s madneſs, firſt, by himſelf; ſecondly, by his *daughter*; thirdly, by *Hamlet's mother*; and if not ſeaſonably kill'd, would have ſucceeded by the *mother:* as *Palamedes* did by the *child.*

THE

THE THEORY OF ACTING.

Having heretofore venerated SHAKESPEAR'S *rules for the conduct of* real, *let us now admire his precepts for the happy execution of* mimic *life.*

WHO, that is of, or any way retaining to what is called, the poliſhed part of ſociety, does not frequent the play-houſe? Yet how few know why they ſhould be pleaſed, or diſſatisfied with what they ſee?

Moſt of the *gentlemen* go, becauſe the *ladies* do, as ſhadows follow bodies. And it muſt with juſtice be owned, that the latter, in general, can give a better account of, and make juſter remarks on, what they have ſeen, than the former: thanks to the prevalent cuſtom of drinking, *&c.* which leaves no time for reading or reflection; and which, upon a cloſe examination, we ſhall find to be the parent of moſt of the follies peculiar to theſe nations.

Some rules ought to be fixed for *players* to perform, and ſpectators to judge by. Shall we give them from ourſelves? No. Our authority is queſtionable. Whence ſhall we draw them?——From the revered writings of the high-prieſt of nature, having firſt ſketched the previous requiſites for a ſtage-candidate.

He who intends to embark on the *theatre* ought to have received a tolerable ſhare of education, whether in places of public inſtruction, or by private application.

A man ought to examine with care, what caſt of parts, his *figure*, his *voice*, and his *feeling* adapt him for; not what his vanity whiſpers to him; nor what *friends* more *ſanguine* than *judicious* may urge him to.

Thoſe who play the *genteel* or *tender* parts, ought from *dancing* to have learned, to hold their *heads erect*, and move gracefully; from *muſic* to command the *inflections* of their voices; from *painting* and *ſculpture* to throw themſelves into pleaſing, or pathetic attitudes; and all this not wantonly, but under the *ſober* guidance of judgment, to avoid all ſuſpicion of *intoxication* either in *utterance*, or *geſture*.

Theſe requiſites premiſed, now to the particular rules.

HAMLET, to the PLAYERS.

'*Speak the ſpeech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,* 'trippingly *on the tongue.*

This condemns all thickneſs, churning, ſmothering, dragging, drawling, or hurrying of the voice; and demands an audible, eaſy, clear, diſtinct, full, and articulate pronunciation in an *actor*.

'*But if you* mouthe *it, as many of our* players *do, I had* 'as *lief the town-crier had ſpoke my lines.*

This

This *mouthing* formerly infeſted our ſtage more than at preſent, though (and with concern we ſay it) we ſometimes perceive tracks of it.

'*And do not* ſaw *the air too much with your* hands, *thus*; '*but uſe all* gently.

Are none of our actors guilty of this fault? The means to correct it, ſuppoſing a happy diſpoſition, is to apply to the above mentioned arts, which through diligence and practice, will effect a cure.

'*For in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay)* '*whirlwind of paſſion, you muſt acquire, and beget a* tempe-'rance *that may give it ſmoothneſs.*

This blames all indecent agitations and toſſing of the body; the extending of a limb to its utmoſt ſtretch, the recovery from which is aukward; the ſtraining of the voice to its laſt pitch (rather than ſeem ſtill able to raiſe it higher,) which is always followed by diſſonance, and croaking.

As a ſkilful *jockey* holds, checks, and maſters the ſwifteſt going *horſe* in the very *lightning* of his ſpeed; ſo a *good actor* jockeys, commands, and is ſuperior to the *paſſion* he repreſents, be it ever ſo *vehement:* For ſhould *rider* or *actor*, be run away with, by *courſer*, or *paſſion*, which ſometimes happens, the natural conſequence is a *laugh* from the *knowing ones.*

'*Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to ſee a robuſtous* Perſiwig-'pated *fellow tear a* paſſion *to* tatters, *to very* rags, *to ſplit* '*the ears of the* groundlings, *who (for the moſt part are ca-*'*pable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe. I*

'*could*

‘ *could have ſuch a fellow whipt for over-doing* termagant,
‘ it out-*Herod's Herod.*

The ſenſe here being obvious enough, I ſhall only animadvert on the word *perſiwig-pated*——What can be more ridiculous in moſt Tragedy-Heroes than thoſe wide-ſpreading, voluminous, in-folio wigs that over-ſhadow, or rather drown the face of an *actor*? That *Macbeth* returning from a battle, and met on a *heath* by the *witches*, as we have ſometimes ſeen, ſhould have ſuch a hairy-bower on his head, is not more abſurd, than many other *perriwig'd* circumſtances.

‘ *Be not too tame neither,*
‘ *But let your* diſcretion *to be your* tutor.

That is, when the *player* is encumbered with any; when not, it is his buſineſs to apply to ſome friend, that is.

‘ *Suit the* action *to the* word, *the* word *to the* action, *with*
‘ *this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-top not the modeſty of*
‘ NATURE: *For any thing ſo over-done is from the purpoſe*
‘ *of playing: Whoſe* end *both at the firſt,* and *now, was, and*
‘ *is, to hold, (as it were)* a MIRROR *up to* NATURE, *to ſhew*
‘ virtue *her own feature,* ſcorn *her own image, and the very*
‘ *age and body of the* time *his form and preſſure.*

He who acts not up to this excellent precept, will never be a *Roſcius, Baron,* or a *Booth.* But to attain to this degree of perfection, it is requiſite, that, beſides the due qualifications, the *player* have had opportunities to ſee, and diſcernment to ſtudy the various *colourings* of life; to know where the lights ſhould end, and where the ſhades begin, & *vice verſa:* how elſe can he deſerve to be called,

‘ *The*

'*The* abſtract, *and brief* chronicle *of the* time?

'*Now this* overdone *or come* tardy *of, though it make the* 'unſkilful *laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: The* 'cenſure *of which* one, *muſt in your allowance, o'er ſway a* 'whole theatre *of others.*

We are afraid that ſome *players*, and not of the loweſt claſs, diſſent from *SHAKESPEAR*, and would think the diſapprobation of twenty *judges*, ſufficiently over-weighed by the *clapping* of thirty *blockheads*; who make up number as well as men of ſenſe, and have a more exploſive faculty in in their hands, to thunder out their *ideot applauſe.*

'*Oh there be* players, *that I have ſeen* play, *and heard* 'others praiſe, *and that highly, (not to ſpeak it,* profanely) 'that *neither having the* accents *of* chriſtians, *nor the* gate *of* 'chriſtian, pagan, *or* man, *have ſo ſtrutted and* bellow-'ed, *that I thought ſome of* NATURE'S *journeymen had made* 'them, *and not made them* well, *they imitated* humanity *ſo* 'abominably.

And, as *Roſincroſſe* ſays in a foregoing ſcene.——

'*They cry out on the top of the queſtion,——and (inſtead* 'of *being* hiſſed)—*they are moſt* tyrannically *clapt for it.*

Sure, ſuch monſtrous proceeding never appears on our ſtage,—If there does? We ſay with HAMLET,

'*Oh reform it altogether,——and let thoſe that play the* 'clowns *ſpeak no more than what is ſet down for them, for* 'there *be of them, that will of themſelves* laugh, *to ſet on* 'ſome *quantity of barren ſpectators to* laugh *too, though in*

‘ *the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play, be then to*
‘ *be conſidered: That's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful*
‘ *ambition in the* fool *that uſes it.*

This ſhould ever be diſcountenanced, for what ſo inſolent, and affrontful to the public, as an impudent wretch's neglecting the author's *meaning*, to play off his own impertinence?

The *actor* that would move all hearts, and draw tears from every eye, ſhould make the following lines of HAMLET his conſtant MIRROR to examine himſelf by.

‘ *Is it not wondrous that this* player *here,*
‘ *But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,*
‘ *Can force his* ſoul *ſo to his own conceit*
‘ *That from her working all his* viſage *warms,*
‘ Tears *in his eyes,* diſtraction *in his aſpect,*
‘ *A broken voice,——and his whole* function *ſuits*
‘ *With* forms *to his conceit.——*

Though we have addreſs'd this paraphraſe to the *players* of the *maſculine gender*, the ſame rules equally regard the *female part.*

Thus far relates to the repreſentation of *life*; now let us animadvert a little on the modern ridiculous innovation of *dying* for applauſe.

Thoſe convulſionary ſtage-culprits know not that the languid ſtate of expiring nature is not capable of violent ſtarts and flounces; which require an afflux of animal ſpirits, and muſcular ſtrength, to be found but in perfect health, or a few uncommon circumſtances: and which our *heroes*, had they the leaſt ailment, could not attempt. Waving all other arguments, let us have recourſe to common obſervation of deſerters

ſerters that are ſhot, gentlemen mortally wounded in duels, thoſe who expire of ordinary diſeaſes; nay, where convulſions are the eſſential malady, they ceaſe for ſome time before abſolute death; but the late deformers of nature, from the moſt violent convulſions flopp'd and ſouſs'd into theatrical eternity.—They ſeem'd indeed to have form'd their notions of *dying* from the convulſive efforts of wretches hanging from the gallows. But this is quite a different caſe, as here nature unimpaired, and in full vigour, ſtruggles againſt her ſuffocation.

The diſmal o—h our tragedy writers put into the mouths of their expiring heroes, is fooliſh, and unnatural.

" *To feed, as it were, on death, and be entertained with* " *dying agonies, is wholly and abſolutely unnatural, as it is* " *horrid, and miſerable.*" SHAFTESBURY.

So much for ſerious reaſoning againſt the abſurdity.

Now let us ridicule the impertinent innovation of thoſe, who lengthen out dying ſpeeches, or, rather, fabricate new ones for themſelves, to have the greater opportunity of ſhewing their *leap-frog* tricks.

Let all, deſirous of this new kind of funeral laurel, ſtudy the following ſpeech and inſtructions; and who, ſave heaven, or the managers can tell, what reputation they may *die* into.

The ſcene is in an alehouſe, where the expiring hero thus addreſſes his friend:

——With what few ſpirits I have left
Learn the ſad cauſe of my untimely fall——
The horrid landlady for reckoning call'd,
Which, the great Gods can witneſs, I had not——

She, on a ſlight rebuff, with curſed ſpit,
Has made, here thro' my ſide the mortal wound
Whence life-blood flows.——But hold!——ſoft my dear friend!
I feel grim death pluck at my heart-ſtrings.—Uph—
Farewel ye colliflow'rs on the proud tops
Of brimming tankards I ne'er more ſhall ſee *.
Hard, hard fate!—O! ſure it was not ſo much,
To mean to build a ſconce.——But, th' heav'ns are juſt;
And——I——I—I.

It is not intended that the following inſtructions be ſervilely follow'd by a true genius, who is left at liberty to ſtrike out what new beauties may occur to him.

He is to lie on his left-ſide, for the conveniency of the blood flowing out, ſupported ſomewhat by his elbow, and, with the right-hand ſtretch'd out in a gentle, entreating manner, to ſpeak to his friend, thus;

——With what few ſpirits I have left
Hear the ſad cauſe of my untimely fall.

Now a ſudden ſtart of indignation, and grind on the word *horrid*,

The *horrid* landlady for reckoning call'd,
Which, the great gods can witneſs, I had not.

The laſt line is to be ſpoken with great humility, as an act of ſubmiſſion to providence.

She,

* *Et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.* VIRG.

Imitated,

Dying remembers what in health he lov'd.

She, on a ſlight rebuff——

Here he excuſes himſelf;—

——— With curſed ſpit,
Has made here thro' my ſide, the mortal wound
Whence life-blood flows.———

Theſe lines are to be deliver'd in doleful, huſky, hollow accents, known among the critics by the name of *under-growling*.

——— But hold!—ſoft, my dear friend!

Here a flounce, ſeizes his friend's hand with his left-hand, into which, with his right, he gives the *ſlap-double*, as us'd to be done by *Hamlet*.

I feel grim death pluck at my heart-ſtrings.

Here he is to make wry faces, and draw in his belly, as if he had the gripes.

———Uph———

A general contraction of the body, which, as nothing violent can laſt long, is to be ſucceeded by a gradual evolution of the members, and the two following lines are to be utter'd in the farewel, endearing, melancholy tone:

Farewel, ye colliflow'rs on the proud tops
Of brimming tankards, I ne'er more ſhall ſee.——

A pauſe.———

Hard, hard fate!———

Is to be ſpoken in the canine, and ſnappiſh, mode, like *darkneſs*, *darkneſs*, in *Richard* the third.

—O

——O ſure, it was not ſo much
To mean to build a ſconce——

Mournful reflection,

——But th'heav'ns are juſt;

Here he is to look wiſhfully, and repentantly towards heaven.

And——

A ſtammer.

——I—I—I.

As half of the laſt I (O has reign'd long enough for the other vowels to take their turn) is pronounced, he is to have the rattles in his throat, which are to be accompany'd by the twiſt abrupt, the half-ſcrew, two kicks, and the flop ſupine, equivalent to the ſailors praſe ("*Good-night*, Nicholas,") when they are going to the bottom.

How entertaining muſt it be to ſee two or three actors dying on the ſtage together; according to the new method; but how particularly graceful and decent in an actreſs! And as yet there is no particular method of dying for them.

The REHEARSAL, that excellent *dramatic Satyr* writen by *VILLARS* duke of *Buckingham*, has often given riſe to a diſpute, to wit, ought the taking off of other actors be approv'd?

The reaſons offered againſt it are:

Firſt, It is cruel by ſo doing, to hurt men in their buſineſs.

Secondly, The duke of *Bukingham* never meant it.

Thirdly, It is eaſy enough to do it, and only requires ill nature in the attempter.

Anſwers to the above reaſons.

The profeſſions men earn a livelihood by, are two-fold; the one *neceſſary*, the other *ornamental*.

In the *neceſſary* ones, every man does as well as he can, and is paid according to his labour.

Into the *ornamental* ones no man ought to intrude without proper qualifications.—Why ſhould any uncouth fellow incumber the ſtage, when there are ſo many different ways to get a livelihood by, and more ſuitable to his no talents? Why ſhould a blockhead publiſh a ſilly book uncenſured?

If the duke of *Buckingham* had a right to ridicule faulty writers; why ſhall not an actor of ſagacity have the ſame privilege in regard to treſpaſſing players?

A writer expoſed, as well as an actor, are equally hurt in their miſtaken profeſſions; let them take to ſome other buſineſs; and ſeeing they cannot pleaſe, attempt to be uſeful to the public.

Who can tell that that the duke never meant it? But ſure, while the *poet* expoſes the ſlips of his *brother-writers*, the *actor*'s grafting thereon the *trips* of his brother-players muſt be an additional pleaſure to the audience.

That *ill-nature* is the only ingredient requiſite, I can't ſee. That admirable genius *MOLIERE* was remarkably good-natured; nor have I heard *Garric* or *Foote* accus'd as yet of any acts of *barbarity*.

Let thoſe that are liable to the laſh, mend under it, or quit the ſtage; and let thoſe who can't uſe it, modeſtly own they have not the faculty ſo to do.

AN

ESSAY

ON

Immoderate Drinking.

THE moſt ſovereign cordial for the human frame, is a moderate uſe of unadulterated wine; the abuſe of taking it in too large quantities, is a certain, tho' ſlow *poiſon*. Therefore every man ſhould drink no more than what is proportionably agreeable to his conſtitution, whatever paſſes that, is *beſtial*.

An indulgence in wine, or any other liquor, ſhould be only a tranſitory amuſement, and never ſtretch'd ſo far as to become the ſerious occupation of people's thoughts, which it now ſeems too generally to be.

A *drinking-match* is ſpoken of with the ſame grave and ſolemn air, as if the welfare of the kingdom were therein concern'd.

The men's devoting themſelves to liquor, and excluding the *virtuous part* of the *fair ſex* from their company, muſt neceſſarily retain ſome tracks of *brutality* in our ſociety, however well civiliz'd in every other point.

We have read ſomewhere that until *Francis* the firſt's reign, *immoderate drinking* among the men, and dividing themſelves from the ladies into a ſeparate company, was the unpoliſh'd cuſtom: but from that ſocial epoch, the rudeneſs of the former, naturally dwindled away by mixing with the mildneſs of the latter, in all, or moſt companies.

Every man who had a mind to render himſelf agreeable, being from that time never preſs'd, took care not to drink what would intoxicate his brain, make him conſequently be guilty of abſurdities, and become an object of ridicule before thoſe eyes it was his utmoſt ambition to pleaſe.

The ſour behaviour of the male was ſweeten'd by influence of the female; and the gentle fears and diffidence of the female ſtrengthened by blending with the male: this is the perfection of polite ſociety, which in the modern world took its riſe in *France*, from the cauſe abovementioned. For before the origin of ſaid cuſtom, the men of *France* were as uncouth as thoſe of other kingdoms: they owe their *politeneſs* to the *other ſex*. It is therefore obvious to conclude, that the ſame cauſe, in any climate where *humanity* is cultivated, muſt produce a like effect.

With us, the ladies diſcountenanced while in, and ſhortly excluded from, company, are in their original *timid* ſtate; and that often to a degree of inſipidity, how ever beautiful. How can it be otherwiſe? ſince by a *Salique* law of *Bacchus*, they are baniſhed the ſtage whereon they ought to diſplay their charms, improve their minds, and have an opportunity by reflecting on, to learn how to diſtinguiſh betwixt the gaudy tinſel of feigned paſſion, and the ſincere gold of real affection.

On the other hand we in many circumſtances betray too much *ferocity* in our ſequeſtered companies, when not kept in, by any reſpect, and are ſhamefully overtaken by liquor.

Not to mention taverns, let us take a view of a company in a private houſe. After dinner the poor ladies, when they have ſipped off, with great circumſpection, and interruptedly, two glaſſes of wine, ſhe is a great drinker that ventures on three, whirr off.

The men, glad of the riddance, ſeem to enjoy a goal-delivery, and with looks of ſettled reſolution prepare for the engagement; the *muſketry* of *bumper-glaſſes* is regularly drawn out on the table; and the grand *battery* of *black cannon* well-ramm'd and cork'd, is ranged three deep: formidable column to ſenſe, ſobriety, and decency, for in their dark wombs ſleep a thouſand oaths, abuſes, and quarrels.

The toaſt-maſter is named, and inveſted with the ſupreme command. The elected monarch gives the ſignal, the reſt charge, and preſent; the *favourite monoſyllable* is vollied off.—The firſt diſcharge given, defeated *modeſty* makes her eſcape out of the room, and as the edifying bumpers go round, from under the four quarters of the table peep up, nonſenſe, obſcenity, ribaldry, brutality, and look triumphantly at their zealous votaries.

The obſtinacy of the encounter beginning to be felt by thoſe of a weaker ſtomach, they ſcheme either to diminiſh the quantity of each *bumper*, or to retreat ere tripp'd up by *drunkenneſs*: But the harden'd *veterans* of the *grape* perceiving the intent, declare each for exact, and equal diſcipline; order the door to be ſhut.—'Zounds man if you do not 'drink as long as we (that is till you poiſon, or kill yourſelf) 'you are not a good fellow, d—n me; ſo drink fair.'

None

None of thoſe levellers *in drinking* that ever read the wicked *Procuſtes*'s hiſtory, but muſt have highly blam'd his cruel practice; which was to torturingly fit his unhappy gueſts to a bed of iron: thoſe that were too long he ordered to be cut ſhort to the meaſure, and thoſe too ſhort to be diſlocated, and ſtretched out to it.

Is it not a kindred tyranny for a man whoſe callous ſtomach can bear five or ſix bottles, to force another to do as much as he, whoſe ſtomach of a weaker, and more delicate texture cannot bear above one?

The wiſh'd-for end is obtained, and all parties (to uſe the term of art) are *knock'd up*. The field of battle is ſtrewed over with fallen heroes, and empty bottles; the evacuating efforts of over-burthen'd ſtomachs eccho to each other from every corner of the room.——Sure if a vomit was wanted, a little *hippecacoana* might do the buſineſs, and at a much cheaper rate.

Every faculty of the ſoul eclipſed; behold the beaſts of reaſon wallowing in their own dirt, incapable of aſſiſting themſelves, and a diſgrace to humanity.

'*Oh thou* inviſible ſpirit of wine! *if thou haſt no name to be*
'*known by*, *let us call thee* devil. *Oh that* men *ſhould put*
'*an* enemy *into their* mouths, *to* ſteal *away their* brains——
'*to be now a* ſenſible man, *by and by a* fool, *and preſently a*
'beaſt!——*every* inordinate cup *is* unbleſs'd, *and the* ingre-
'dient *is a* devil.' SHAKESPEAR.

Meet a man intoxicated, and aſk him how came he into that ſhocking condition? his anſwer will be, he din'd with his friend, ſuch a one. Your friend! if true, he is a very miſtaken one! Why your greateſt enemy could not

uſe you worſe than to deprive you of the uſe of your reaſon, and fit you out for every act of folly, to render you ridiculous; or every vicious or wicked deed, to the endangering of your fortune, nay life itſelf.—Mean and barbarous is that *friendſhip* which conſiſts in making a man drink more than he can, and until he throw it up again.

If gentlemen fond of this immoral, and irreligious *hoſpitality*, would but reflect on the terrible conſequences that may thence ariſe, they would grow aſhamed of it, ſpare their own pockets, and never wilfully and wantonly expoſe their friend's reputation, or life.

Should a man in return to a civil viſit, be aſked by his hoſt after dinner, who armed, and a good fencer, would preſent him, that knows nothing of the matter, with a naked ſword, 'come, ſir, put yourſelf in a poſture of de-'fence, for I have a fancy to give you a cool thruſt in 'the guts:' The ſtartled gueſt muſt look on the offer as on that of a madman, or worſe, of one who has a deſign on his life.—Yet this Quixotical proceeding would not be more extravagant or pernicious, than forcing a man to drink more than what is agreeable to him. The *former* could only hurt his body, and perhaps not mortally; the *latter* mortally wounds body and ſoul.

A man devoted to *drinking* is diſqualified for all the ſocial virtues; as *huſband*, a *wife* has very little comfort in him, as the companion of her days, and partner of her bed; as *father*, his *children* muſt ſlacken of their reverent awe, and often remember him when dead, in the bitterneſs of their hearts for the hereditary diſeaſes he has tranſmitted to them: as *maſter*, his *ſervants* loſe their reſpect, from frequently ſeeing him in the contemptible ſtate of a *drunkard*.

Be the man addicted to this vice, either of the *mechanic*, or *liberal* arts, what a deal of time does he laviſhly proſtitute to his vile gullet, and conſequently how much buſineſs is loſt through negligence? There is as much time conſumed by ſuch a man to recover him from, as he had miſemployed to draw on him, the *fever* of *drunkenneſs*. How many, after their laſt night's debauch, with aching heads, painful eyes, and ſick ſtomachs, are to be met taking the air in the pleaſing outlets of this city, to cool a fire, not kindled by nature, but of their own exciting; but this is not done in a view of renouncing the cauſe, or amending their lives, but on the contrary to enable them with a freſh recruit of ſpirits, to go to it at night again, and ſo on for a cooling the morning after. Buſineſs or ſtudy may ſleep undiſturbed; for the firſt half of thoſe gentlemens days is ſpent to get themſelves ſober, in order to capaciate them to get themſelves drunk the other half. Is not this the dog returning to his vomit? This is not living; no, it is ſcarce animally exiſting.

What has often made us ſmile, was to obſerve the conduct of ſome œconomical ſpendthrifts, who joy to ſpend ſixteen or eighteen ſhillings on perhaps very indifferent wine, to the ſure detriment of their health; but *frugally* refuſe to give half a crown for a book, or ſix-pence for a pamphlet, which would rationally amuſe, or inſtruct them, and be ever after worth, if not all, at leaſt part of its price; no, truly they have other, and better uſe for their money, than to throw it away ſo idly: which uſe is, to beſtially ingulph, what diſables their reeling feet from carrying them, and makes their nauſeated ſtomachs kick up againſt it, and miſdecorate ſome unoffending wall there with.

Let every fond *toper* reflect, if the money prodigally flung away on liquor, had been expended in buying books, what

a va-

a valuable *library* he would have; and half of the time ſpent in *ſwilling*, occupied in *reading* and *reflecting*, what a different figure he would make among the rational part of mankind.——Repent then for the paſt, amend for the future, and in a year's time you'll find the deſirable difference.

There is a certain quantity of liquor, neceſſary for moſt men, to give a fillip to their ſpirits, and awaken vivacity, which is the ſoul of ſociety; beyond which, they grow ſtupid, or unmannerly, which is the bane of it; therefore every man ſhould ſtudy his doſe, and never be prevailed on, to exceed it.

There is a diſagreeable practice in theſe kingdoms which never fails to imbitter the ſweets of company, and that is *party-toaſts*—they ought to be carefully avoided by thoſe who would enjoy the happineſs of undefiled mirth,—and when our *fair ſex*, which is at leaſt equal to that of any nation under heaven, for the *accompliſhments* of *perſon* and *mind*, ſhall triumph over the preſent *baſe and excluſive cuſtom* (which we devoutly wiſh to ſee) and preſide in our companies; then innocent ſmiles, decent laughter, and chaſte gaiety, will take place of the preſent horrors: Still obſerving that excellent rule for company-keeping laid down by the *earl of Shaftsbury*, "Every one drank as he fanſied, in no order, "or proportion, and without regard to circular healths, or "pledges."

THE

THE

VIRTUES

OF

COCK-FIGHTING.

HOW many readers, at the very title, will begin to chuckle, and hug themſelves; declaring, rare ſport, we ſhall have *Cock-fighting* purely maul'd.——Quite the reverſe.——Our intention is to prove it a moſt laudable, and exemplary inſtitution; Firſt, From the *object*: Secondly, From the *effects*.

1ſt, The *object*.——What bird ſo noble wings the air as a *cock*, for the beauty of his figure, the rank he fills in life, and his perſonal bravery?——Is he not the great centinel of nature, the page of *Aurora*, and fore-runner of the *ſun*? Is it not he that with his ſhrill and piercing notes bids drowſy mortals awake, to hail the riſing day, till, cultivate, reap, and attend their various profeſſions? Thoſe who are the moſt diligent to riſe at his friendly call, are obſerved to make the greateſt advances in arts, ſciences, and every emolument of life.

To

To have a juſt and adequate idea of this pigmy generation of *feather'd* heroes,

Ingentes animos *anguſto* pectore verſant. VIRG.

What *mighty* ſouls in *little* bodies dwell? POPE.

let us trace them from their being *engendered* to their *extinction* in the field of battle.

——*Pulchramque* petunt per *vulnera* mortem. VIRG.

To them, by *glorious* wounds, DEATH *ſeems well purchas'd.*

He that would enrich himſelf with this valorous race, makes a ſtrict and geneological enquiry into the legitimacy of their lineal deſcent, cautious that their noble ſtrain has never been croſſed by plebeians on either ſide.

The *clutch* or fraternity of young *cocks*, like all male children of quality, agree very well together about the houſe their common nurſery; but when arrived to adoleſcence, jealouſies, piques, and reſentments, begin to alarm them againſt each other. Wherefore a general ſeparation is thought expedient, and each is put in poſſeſſion of his patrimonial inheritance, a diſtinct *walk* to himſelf, excluſive of all others: for like the *Turk* he bears no brother in the throne, and leads a life full as wanton as he.

Gay chanticleer *for ſolace of his life,*
Six miſſes has, beſides a lawful wife;
Dame Partlet *is the ſovereign of his heart.*

DRYDEN.

The amorous SULTANA of his *ſeraglio*, exhibits all her allurements, and courts him for the preference of his imperial favours.

favours.—Voluptuous being, that from the various enticements to pleaſure, is often uncertain where to taſte it!

Before the barn-door crowing,
The cock *by* hens *attended*,
His eyes around him *throwing*,
Stands for a while ſuſpended.
Then one *he ſingles from the* crew,
And cheers the happy hen,
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again? BEGGAR'S OPERA.

What a luxurious life, could it always laſt! but alas, proud *Chanticleer*, you ſoon muſt quit your verdant walk, limpid ſtreams, and every other happy circumſtance; for yours, like all ſhining ſtations in this world, is liable to a ſad reverſe.

A meſſenger from the god of war is come to ſummon him to the *amphitheatre* of glory.

He obeys the fatal mandate, and takes leave of his queen, and concubines.—"Dame *Partlet*, dear, adieu, and all ye "loves of leſſer rank, farewell. I wiſh ye as tender, as "generous, as loving, but not a more noble lord, (for ſuch "exiſts not) than I have been."—Having thus expreſs'd his affectionate ſentiments, he gives to each a parting bill.

Our hero is bagg'd, and gently conveyed in a *cock-litter* to town. Mourn all ye hens your widow'd ſtate, your *paramour* is, like young *Achilles*, gone to a fight, whence he never muſt return. So have the fates decreed!

Arrived in town, he is given into the hands of that intelligent mortal, a *feeder*, the juſt object of many young gentlemens admiration; and whoſe extenſive ſcience centers in the animal *œconomy* of a *cock*: that now is phyſic'd, ſweated,

trimm'd, and prepar'd in every ſenſe to conquer, or die, according to the court-martial of *cock-honour*.

But before he can attain to this military preferment, one of his brothers muſt have given proofs of the family's courage.

The method of *probation* formerly was, to break the thigh of the deſtin'd victim; to try, if, (notwithſtanding the excruciating torture he was in) on ſight of a competitor he would forget his pain, and make a ſhew to war. That done, his kindred were all proclaimed *noble*; but if he whin'd, or flinch'd in the leaſt, they were by the *heralds* of *cockery* degraded into cowardly plebeians.

The cuſtom has of late years been reformed much for the better, which is to expoſe a young cock unarmed, to the rage of a veteran with long *toledos* at his heels; with which he makes a *Britiſh* inquiſition of bravery into the young martyr's bowels: who even in death is not to fall under the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of *puſilanimity*, if he ſhould, with him dies the honour of his race.

The hour of battle come, the *circus* is open'd, and the chieftains on both ſides enter, attended by a numerous retinue, all anxious to behold the trial of *magnanimity* betwixt the HECTOR and AJAX of the *ſod*.

The judges in their places of dignity, and the other ſpectators ſeated as conveniently as they can, the feather'd gladiators are produced, and each given into his hopeful owner's hands, to ſee if his *trim*, *weapons*, and every thing be right. This done, with decent gravity as becomes ſo ſolemn an occaſion, they preſent the combatants to each other on *Bellona*'s altar, which in vulgar phraſe, is call'd, *pitting a cock*.

Should

Should they loſe any moments of time in parleying with each other, before they ſtrike, as HOMER's heroes uſed to do; their maſters are alarmed thro' fear of any accident by way of a ſtolen march.——Wherefore,

Anxious the pit, *their drum gymnaſtic,*
They beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick,

and ſet them to.———The firſt blow is given; return'd: and all is blood and wounds.——Now the hurry of *betts*.——What a ſchool of harmony, eloquence, and inſtruction! The late beautiful, and ſtately birds, are now like *Banquo*'s ghoſt, a horror to behold,——all mangled, eyes ſtruck out, wings and thighs broken, they in convulſions fall a ſacrifice to the credit of humanity.

The afflicted owners break out into many pathetic ejaculations on their loſs; and one more touch'd than the reſt, laments in broken accents,

——— *Let me view at leiſure*
Each bloody corſe, and count their glorious wounds.
How beautiful is DEATH *when earn'd by virtue!*
Who would not breed GAME-COCKS? *what pity 'tis,*
Yes, GODS, *what pity, they can* die *but once,*
To make their ſportful maſters win, *or* loſe!
O—h, my poor cock,—*dead, dead—my* cock *is dead!*

To remove the object of grief, the funeral officers who attend for that purpoſe, carry off the deceas'd champions; and looking on common earth as too ignoble to inter them in, kindly reſolve to accomodate them with a living ſepulchre,——their ſtomachs.

We now proceed to the ſecond *topic* in behalf of *Cock-fighting*, to wit, the *effects*.

Hence young gentlemen may learn compaſſion for the ſufferings of others, by frequently ſeeing the miſerable agonies of a *cock* all over wounds. For how feel for what one has no idea of?

Hence young men, deſigned for trade, may learn to caſt up an account as ſoon as mention'd, from a quick-ſighted application to the ſtudy of *odds*, which vary at every blow.

Hence the *levelling* principle ſtill flouriſhes amongſt us, by the *nobility* and *gentry*'s mixing with raſcals and ſharpers.

Hence young officers will learn from example, to die rather than forſake their colours, or ſhamefully fly from the enemy.

COCK-PITS, from what precedes, muſt appear to every unprejudiced reader, to be the beſt academy for youth, to learn theſe ſuperior virtues, humanity, ſagacity, equality, and courage.

All encouragers of that rational amuſement, ought to be rever'd as lovers of their country, and the foremoſt patriots.

Were it not for their generous care, the liberal education of *cocks* would be entirely neglected, and their *virtues* unknown to the chriſtian world.——What a loſs!

A

Genealogical Account

OF

HUMBUGGING.

HUMBUGGING is a modern excellence of ſo univerſal a nature, that it is moſt ſtudiouſly gap'd after by all ranks.

Old age mumbles at it, inarticulate infants are taught to ſtammer at it, the formidable young ſwaggerers of the town beſtially procreate horſe-laughs with it, from the mouths of all thoſe, as thoughtleſs, and ſtupid as themſelves. And, who would think it, even fair ladies at their tea-conventicles celebrate it in practiſed liſping, their pretty hands ſupporting their ſides, tutor'd to heave by fits; while their roſy lips tight braced, diſplay the whiteneſs of their teeth: through which they immoderately titter out the praiſe *of dear* HUMBUGGING.—o—h,—o—h,—'tis a rare *hum!*

What is this mighty wonder that has ſet every face agog at it?

It is the art of bidding a long farewel to truth, ſerving an apprenticeſhip to falſhood, and commencing *ſcoundrel*, that is, a *liar*.

The whole ſecret is, by telling a very probable, though actually falſe ſtory, you are to impoſe on another, generous enough to think you capable of *truth*.

HUMBUGGING is the ſpurious, degenerate, and mongrel progeny of WINDING-UP, and BAITING THE BEAR.

To proceed *geneologically*, it is proper to give a ſhort account of the parents, before we enter into a particular detail, of the demerits of their unnatural, and abominable deſcendant.

WINDING-UP, a half-ſiſter to HUMOUR, was of a peeviſh habit of body; therefore requir'd to be very delicately treated; ſometimes afforded *mirth*, but was often attended with danger.

It conſiſted in playing at the paſſions of any particular in company, to exaſperate, or flatter him; and when you had wound up the *jack* of his paſſion, in either ſenſe, to the higheſt pitch, then to gradually let it down again: and that, in a manner perceptible to every one preſent, except the perſon play'd at; for a diſcovery was often productive of a *quarrel* between the parties: to wit, the *winder* and the *wound-up*.

The art and delicacy required here to prevent being diſcovered, and reſentment in conſequence, was very irkſome to clumſy pretenders, who always cauſe to degenerate, whatever they intrude themſelves into.

They firſt paid their addreſſes to our *heroine*, in the beſt manner they could; but their aukwardneſs diſguſted her. They endeavour'd with bribes to ſeduce her, ſhe returned the preſents with ſcorn, and fled from their embraces with the greateſt averſion.

The unpoliſhed ſuitors perceiving all their courtſhip to be in vain, determined on down-right violence.

A rape was committed, and the fruit thereof an ungracious daughter, call'd BAITING THE BEAR.

This young female monſter took entirely after her brutal ſire, and retain'd nothing of the mother.

Inſtead of the mother's open countenance, and enticing leer, ſhe had a wrinkled and gloomy forehead, was goggle-eyed, had *tuſks* for *teeth*, and was remarkable for no horror about her, ſo much, as for *long* villainous *nails*, with which ſhe partly exerted her power.

What her mother us'd to do by *tuning up* with pleaſing accents, well adapted phraſes; and by gently *tickling* to the wiſh'd for paſſion: the horrid daughter ſtrove to ape by *biting*, and *clawing*.

Her method of proceeding was to fix on ſome perſon in company (which was previouſly agreed on by the reſt) whom they called the *bear*; and the *baiting* of him, was to ſay things judged diſagreeable, in as unprepared and rude a manner: which ſcarce ever failed to provoke anger, with quarrel cloſe at her heels.

From a frequent neceſſity of ſkirmiſhing ſhe was an adept in brandiſhing her *tuſks*, and cultivating the length of her *nails*.

Her *rudeneſs* and *ferocity* made her be ſhunn'd by all who aſpir'd to *humanity*, and *politeneſs*; her continual *bluſtering* made her be deſpiſed by the *brave*, who look on all *bluſterers* as *cowards* in proportion to their being troubleſome in company.

She therefore herded with the low and daſtardly claſs of ſociety, became a common proſtitute, and never brought forth but one illegitimate babe, call'd HUMBUGGING; a half ideot, remarkable for groſs and ſtupid aſſertions, and when tax'd therewith, for as meanly ſubmitting, or denying them.

A few inſtances of what is practis'd by her votaries, will ſet her mis-excellence in a clear light.

A *humbugger* tells a gentleman unacquainted with the infamy of his character, that ſuch a perſon he would be glad to ſee, is come to town; pleaſed at the news away runs the gentleman to ſee him: but upon enquiry, finding himſelf bubbled, returns in dudgeon to his informer, who humbly aſks pardon, for that really he was told ſo.

Another piece of ingenious effort is, when two of them (on perceiving a ſtranger) apply their logger-heads together, and with a play-houſe whiſper to be heard by the other, thus begin their wonderful dialogue.——"Is not that an odd "affair? Odd; I never heard of any thing ſo unaccount- "able in my days, that a *biſhop* ſhould ſtrike a *judge:* it is "true indeed he gave him the lie; but what of that? ſure "it is the clergy's buſineſs to forgive." Then the *biſhop* and *magiſtrate*'s names are mentioned, and the nobleman's houſe the ſcuffle happen'd in, with many other corroborating circumſtances to keep on the ſtretch the eager attention of the liſtening ſtranger, which is their triumph. He departs full of the certainty of the odd event, for having overheard it in a coffee-houſe, from two creatures that look'd like rational——But he is laugh'd at by the firſt company he ſhould offer to retail it in, and is inform'd that he has been *humbugg'd.*

A *humbugger*'s favourite ſcheme is to give out in the hearing of the clients, dependants, or creditors of a man, that he is fallen dead of an appoplectic fit. If the perſon made dead be a lawyer, his clients diſpatch for their papers; if a great man, his dependants are ſtruck with terror for loſs of their patron. If a man in trade, off ſcout his creditors, and perhaps a haſty execution may expoſe and ruin a very

honeſt man in perfect health. What puniſhment do not vile authors of ſuch reports deſerve, who ſacrifice the quiet, and happineſs of families to their idle tongues?

Every reader can recollect many abſurdities and wickedneſſes of this nature without our taking up their time, or polluting paper with the infamous detail.

A melancholy reflection which ought to give every one concern, is, that *humbugging* has reduced us to ſuch a ſtate of *Pyrhoniſm*, that every thing is doubted of.

A country clergyman, more pious and *orthodox*, than learned in the pert ſtupidity of the town, related lately at a gentleman's table in this city, where he din'd, a fact that was a little ſurprizing; he aver'd to a young lady, who look'd at him all the time with a ſtrain'd, doubting face, "upon his conſcience what he had ſaid was true;" the young lady ſmil'd, and replied, "indeed, ſir, I be-
"lieve you want to *humbug* me." Heavens how the poor clergyman bluſh'd; having look'd anxiouſly around the company, as a declaration of his innocence; and recovering ſtrength, he ſtammered out an anſwer. "In-
"deed, madam, I am ſorry I have not the honour of be-
"ing better known to you—That my inadvertency—in-
"diſcretion;—or miſconduct,—madam, ſhould have,—
"ſhould, I ſay, madam, have given you any room—to ſuſpect
"me of the leaſt deſign of indecency.——I humbly aſk
"yours, madam,—and the good company's pardon." This honeſt excuſe ſet the table in a roar; new confuſion to the poor clergyman, who after ſuffering for ſome time, was informed of the ſignificant energy of the word *humbug*.

If the greateſt real dignity a man can reach to in this world, is that of being eſteem'd a *truth-teller*; and his having ſaid

a thing is enough for the public to give its univerſal aſſent to it: how deſpicable muſt a HUMBUGGER be, whoſe whole ſtudy is to acquire the demerit of never being believed?

It was in the pagan world looked on as a ſevere decree of fate, that the propheteſs *Caſſandra* was never to be believed, even when ſhe informed her country of the fatal truths, that moſt concerned it to know.

Ora dei juſſû non unquam credita——— VIRG.

A tongue condemn'd never to be believ'd.

The *humbugger* does for himſelf, what cruel deſtiny did for her. He incapacitates himſelf from ever being believed; and were he to inform us of real dangers: as of our own, or friend's houſe being on fire, of the enemy's invading our country; the diſrepute of the informer would make us ſlight the information: which, attended to, might have enabled us to prevent the calamity, whether of a private, or public nature.

It is not ſtraining a point to propoſe that all *humbuggers* ought to be preſented as nuſances, for having rendered themſelves not only uſeleſs in ſociety (againſt which the *Vagrant Act* has provided) but alſo highly hurtful to the commonwealth; and therefore ought to be puniſhed by law.

Humbugging is an *unnatural* and impious ſubverſion of things; the tongue was given by the *CREATOR* to be the *organ* of TRUTH: the *humbugger* makes it the odious ſhovel of *lies*. By *telling truth* we are peculiarly images of the *living GOD*: by telling *lies*, repreſentatives of the prince of darkneſs.

The Redeemer of the world died to the fleſh for us, and after aſcended to heaven triumphant over falſhood, death and hell; ſo let the miſerable *humbugger*, by reflecting on his horrid ſituation, die to his faculty of *lying*, revive to *virtue*, and become a regenerated image of THE GOD OF POWER; THE GOD OF GLORY: AND WHAT IS MORE, THE GOD OF TRUTH!

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A SHORT

VIEW

OF THE

Life, Doctrine, *and* Politics

OF

CONFUCIUS.

To which, by way of Illuſtration, are added

The moſt remarkable effects cauſed thereby throughout the *Chineſe* empire.

PREFACE.

AT a time when any ornamental furniture bearing the leaſt relation to China *is ſo partially admired; it is hoped that a ſketch of their more valuable morals and politics will be not leſs favourably received.*

For the materials we are obliged to the ingenious and elegant monſieur le Shouvette; *a great part of his work is omitted, and the order of what is uſed, altered, as we thought for the better, and more a-kin to our propoſed intent.*

IN-

INTRODUCTION.

MOST people hear daily mention of *China* as a very extenſive empire, and of the inhabitants as a moſt ingenious people, no more. Nay, till of late we have look'd on them as *barbarians*: What we thought of them, they thought of us, till we were mutually known to each other. They are the moſt polite nation in *Aſia*, and had the ſtart of us in ſeveral arts and ſciences.

Their ſyſtem of *morals* however ſtrict, excludes not what is entertaining or ornamental in ſociety. And that, ſince their firſt emperor FOHI. In the beginning of whoſe reign, the inhabitants of the eaſtern parts of *China* lived ſcattered up and down, like ſavages, in foreſts. He firſt drew them together, made them mild, and ſociable to each other. To which great deſign the inſtitution of *marriage* not a little contributed, and (what ſome people will ſcruple to believe) by the help of muſic he perfected his work. Its perſuaſive ſounds broke the native fierceneſs of their temper into the ſofter ſentiments of humanity, and made them men.

The *Chineſe* are to this day great lovers of muſic. They, as well as the ancient philoſophers and legiſlators, look'd on muſic as a ſtate affair. The harmony reſulting from its different parts, made them judge of that, requiſite for a tranquil government.

When we ſpeak of them 'tis with a kind of contempt, or at beſt indifference, looking on them as wretches condemned to a far diſtant region, in the remoteſt part of the earth.—The honourable mention made of them by their own writers is conveyed in a warmth and dignity of ſtyle, unknown to the cold geographers of *Europe*; their ſynonymous expreſſions

preſſions for *China* conſecrated by uſe, and not liable to any other meaning, are, *The heart of the univerſe*, *The garden of the world.*

The name of CONFUCIUS is known but to a few, and that among the learned, or curious; it is therefore humbly hop'd, the public will with pleaſure receive a ſhort ſketch of the *Chineſe* morals and maxims of government, founded on the ſentiments of their chief legiſlator.

In his works we find a doctrine not unworthy the moſt chriſtian philoſopher, and that confirmed by actions which far ſurpaſs what ancient *Greece* and *Rome* have ſhewn. There we, with pleaſure and amuſement, ſee to what height natural reaſon, not defaced by any prejudice of education, can lift the man who liſtens obediently to her dictates.

That great philoſopher of the *Eaſt* has tranſmitted to poſterity, more ſublime precepts of *morality* than all the PLATOS, SOCRATES and SENECAS of *Europe*.

A ſhort VIEW of the

LIFE

OF

CONFUCIUS.

CONFUCIUS deſcended from one of the firſt emperors of *China*. He was born 551 years before the coming of CHRIST.——The title of duke is to this day hereditary in his family, which is the only ſo throughout the empire. It is alſo free from taxes. They commonly reſide in the province of *Kanton* in the city of *Kiofeu*, where CONFUCIUS was born. They aſſert their family to be of 4400 years ſtanding. The houſe he dwelt in is yet to be ſeen, and many emperors have paid it a reſpectful viſit.

He led a moſt auſtere life, nothing but the moſt common and eaſieſt dreſt food was ſerved on his table; his drink was water, his bed the earth. He had no other pillow to lay his head on but his arm; and often declared he taſted more ſolid pleaſure in that way of living, than the moſt voluptuous find in ſatisfying their paſſions, and in all the tumultuous joys of life.

His firſt ſtudy was to become thoroughly ſkilled in the learning of the ancients. In the 30th year of his age, he ſo entirely devoted himſelf to philoſophy, that nothing could divert him from it. With a ſuperior tranquillity of mind he looked down on all the revolutions of fortune, and ſmiled at her (to him) harmleſs darts. At 40 he looked on himſelf

as certain of whatever he profeſſed to know. He no longer balanced to aſſert, and all his doubts vaniſhed like a dream. At 50 he affirmed the abſolute neceſſity of a divine providence, and that in all our actions we ſhould appeal to the pure light of uncorrupted reaſon. At 60 his underſtanding ſeemed to have acquired its laſt period of perfection. At 70 from a long ſeries of virtuous reflections, to do good was as natural to him, as to ſhudder at the diſtant thought of an evil action.

The authority of CONFUCIUS was of greater weight among the *Chineſe*, than that of SOCRATES, or PLATO, among the *Greeks*. He had to the number of three thouſand diſciples: died aged ſeventy-three.

In moſt cities of *China* there are magnificent colleges erected in an honourable remembrance of him, with theſe or like inſcriptions, in golden characters—*To the great, the eminent, the illuſtrious king of the learned.*

It is from the ſentiments of virtue which enrich his works that we are to form to ourſelves, an idea, however imperfect, of this ſomething more than *man*.

Superior and alone CONFUCIUS *ſtood,*
Who taught that uſeful *ſcience*, to be good. POPE.

A ſhort view of CONFUCIUS's *doctrine.*

REASON is a preſent from above to mankind, pointing out the way to truth. She is the ſource of the continual watch the prudent man has over himſelf; and of the ſcrupulous examination he makes of the leaſt motion of his heart. She is parent of the cautious circumſpection and ſelf-reſpect becoming every honeſt man in actions not within

the

the ſight or knowledge of others. 'Tis ſhe begets the golden uniformity that ſhould always reign betwixt our words and actions. By her influence the prudent man's ſevereſt cenſor is himſelf. He conſults virtue on every action, which he cites before the impartial tribunal of his conſcience, where he alone ſtands the accuſed, accuſer, witneſs and judge. He does nothing but what he would willingly ſubmit to public cenſure, and chearfully own, it is I have done it.

The man who would attain to perfection, muſt firſt diveſt himſelf of all prejudice, next learn to meditate, conſequently reaſon; but above all have clear and diſtinct ideas of every thing he examines. A ſerious reſearch after truth may be looked on as the halfway-houſe to virtue.

Our reflecting proſelyte ought carefully to avoid all pompous diſcourſe, and harlotry of painted eloquence, the common enſnaring dreſs of ſeducive error. He ſhould form to himſelf a juſt ſtandard to guide all his actions by, that he may never act contradictory to himſelf.

In every occurrence he ought to appeal to judicious learning; and indeed her concomitance is requiſite to every virtue; without her, charity becomes blind, prudence degenerates into diffidence, belief deviates into error, and conſtancy hardens into ſtubbornneſs.

The characteriſtic of virtue is ſimplicity, whoſe long exile from among us is owing to the pretended ſages of the time, that impiouſly think her beneath the dignity of their ambitious projects, and unbounded views. Their contagious example hurries away numbers, while the reſt remain in a ſtate of indifference.

Others to glaringly tranſmit their names to poſterity, give into the falſe ſublime of miſunderſtood perfection, and be-

come criminally virtuous, inaſmuch as the ſole motive of all their good actions is vanity, and ſelf-love.

True virtue is the declared enemy of all impoſture and oſtentation, and deſires to be cultivated for herſelf alone. She dwells retired in the hearts of her true worſhippers, whom ſhe delights with ever-ſpringing charms: heaven firſt created, and ſtill protects her; the unhappy man who perſecutes her, raiſes impious arms againſt heaven.

The characteriſtic of a virtuous and prudent man is the ſame. He ſeeks not to ſhine on every popular occaſion, to catch the applauſe of the giddy multitude: but like to our great parent, the earth, his virtues are made known by their effects. Simple in his actions he ſhuns all noiſy fame, and by an eaſy agreeable violence, draws to him the minds of thoſe he wants to win over to his opinion. When he moves in any affair, it is with an uniform and tranquil majeſty, like to that of the celeſtial bodies. He is ſlow to ſpeak, and cautious to decide. He ſo eagerly pants after virtue, that he loſes not a thought on what the world calls eaſe and pleaſure. He is the man in ſociety he leaſt can pleaſe, and whom he has the greateſt diffidence of. His preſent ſtate is the guide of his conduct, and boundary of all his wiſhes.

He is learn'd without vanity, rich without pride, poor without meanneſs; and when raiſed to honourable poſts looks down on them with a ſuperior eye. His humility diſdains any air of ſervitude, and his reſpect abhors whatever borders on cringing flattery. He deſires little, and fears leſs: never complains, as ſorrow is but a poor remedy for what cannot be cured. He is never more concern'd for any one accident than another, thoroughly convinced that it happens by the permiſſion of heaven. He therefore ſubmiſſively receives from the Omnipotent whatever he pleaſes to ſend,

good,

good, or evil in appearance, as from him that knows beſt what's moſt fitting for us.

The wiſe man renders himſelf worthy the poſſeſſion of dignities he never makes parties to obtain; while others on the contrary affect an unbecoming ſuperiority on all occaſions. They eternally flatter their imagination with the darling idea of their dear ſelves; and murder all they faſten on for the ſecret pleaſure of edifying their own ears with the recital of the mighty feats they have, or have not done.

Our hero when forced to ſpeak of himſelf does it with the greateſt reluctance and modeſty. Silence is his favourite virtue. Heaven ſpeaks daily, but not a noiſy jargon, to remind all beings of their precarious exiſtence; it ſpeaks by the unperceived and majeſtic motion with which it leads the the ſeaſons on, each in their turn. Its powerful influence animates languid nature, and impregnates her all-productive womb; charm'd and amaz'd CONFUCIUS cries aloud, what eloquence comparable to that expreſſive ſilence!

Humanity is the firm baſis of all his virtues. The cordial love with which we ought to embrace mankind, is innate to man. Nature's firſt dictates excite us to it; 'tis the ſoul of laws, and the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic which conſtitutes our pre-eminence over all other creatures.

The pious love due to our parents is of greater energy, than the generous paſſion for mankind; the former inſpires us by degrees with the latter: from this univerſal love ſprings juſtice, that noble office of giving every man his right. The difference betwixt the love we have for our parents and all other men; and betwixt that we have for the truly valuable and ingenious, and thoſe who are leſs ſo, may be look'd on as ſhades of the moſt excellent picture of creation; they are a gradation, and harmony of duties, which the divine will

has order'd for the univerſal good, and quite out of our power to alter.

CONFUCIUS warm'd with this noble incentive, this divine flame of humanity, declared, that to make known, and praiſe another man's merit, was to him a moſt exquiſite pleaſure. Being aſk'd what was the object of his deſires? he anſwered, the welfare of mankind; its intereſt is mine.

The narrow-hearted extend their views of rend'ring ſervice but to a few, and that by the impulſe of profitable friendſhip or ſome favourite paſſion: the motive of all ſuch connection is intereſted, for they never act but in the mercenary view of a return.

CONFUCIUS in familiar inſtructions to his diſciples, frequently cited to them the two following examples, to inſpire them with a juſt notion of things. 1ſt, A man of the kingdom of LU thus comforted himſelf for the loſs of his cloak, "A man of LU has loſt his cloak, ſome man of "LU will find it." 2d, One of their emperors poſſeſs'd the ſuperior talent of dividing his love and hatred between the perſon and crime in all accuſed; and for puniſhment but exacted from them a ſincere repentance, and in recompence thereof, he not only forgot, but ſo brought things about that the very *malefactor* loſt a remembrance of his fault, and ſhook off by degrees that great diſcourager from a return to virtue, the reproachful ſhame hereditary to all public crimes.

His opinion on the riſe of laws is moſt ingenious. From the world's firſt exiſtence, he gradually deſcends to their inſtitution. The new-born world gave riſe to all things; firſt to the difference of *male* and *female*; ſecondly, to the ſtrict union of *huſband* and *wife*; thirdly, to the authority of *parents* over their *children*; fourthly, to the power of

ſuperiors

ſuperiors over their *inferiors*, and this ſacred chain of duties begot *ſociety*, ſince ratified by laws.

According to him, the firſt dictate of nature, *do not unto another, what thou would'ſt not have done unto thyſelf*, is the ſource of laws. His manner of explaining it, fully evinces, how thoroughly perſuaded he was thereof.

Mankind (of which we are all members) is compos'd of three claſſes, our ſuperiors, equals, and inferiors. As our anceſtors have gone before us, ſo ſhall our deſcendants ſhortly fill up the place we at preſent occupy. We have people to deal with on our right-hand, and others on our left: therefore to live happy and gain eſteem in this life, be fully convinced that you and all men are actuated by the ſame paſſions; that whatever you wiſh they ſhould, or ſhould not do unto you; they wiſh the ſame from you. Never act in a manner towards your *inferiors*, that you'd look on as blameable and odious in your *ſuperiors*, nor towards your *ſuperiors*, behave in a manner you would diſapprove in your *inferiors*. Tranſmit not to your children your parents failing, by imitating a conduct you have often blamed; with regard to your *equals*, whatever you look on as faulty in thoſe on your *right-hand*, uſe it not to thoſe on your *left*; and whatever ſeems criminal in thoſe on your *left*, be never guilty thereof to thoſe on your *right*.

CONFUCIUS's *politics*.

On the art of governing well.

MOST men rais'd above the dregs of ſociety, are inveſted with ſome degree of power, more or leſs over others of their own *ſpecies*. Wherefore the following

ing *theory* of *governing well*, may be reduced into practice by them, notwithſtanding it was peculiarly intended for the great rulers of the earth.

Virtue is the true baſis of a flouriſhing empire!

It was in conſequence of this maxim, that an embaſſador from the kingdom of Cu, being aſk'd, if there were great riches and many precious ſtones in his maſter's dominions, anſwer'd, "*Nothing is precious there but virtue!*"

Crown'd heads occupy the middle place, betwixt God and their ſubjects, who both have a watchful eye over all they do.

How great then ought their circumſpection to be? They ought in every action to look on heaven as their ſovereign judge; and embrace their ſubjects with paternal love; diffuſe their benevolence throughout, and to the very meaneſt in their kingdom.

Heaven in recompence will ſhower down continual bleſſings; their affectionate ſubjects will look up to them with a reſpectful eye, mix'd with a kind of veneration. But if on the contrary, they abandon the *chaſte* worſhip of *virtue* to proſtitute themſelves to vice, they will draw down on them the indignation of heaven, and be deteſted by their people. How great and formidable (remarks CONFUCIUS) is the *dignity* with which heaven has inveſted *kings!* It is the real *intereſt* of princes to be *virtuous*, as their example is always follow'd: and when they are unhappily not ſo thro' *principle*, they ought *politically* to *varniſh* their actions with an *appearance* of *virtue*.

The faults of kings are like to the *ſun eclipſed*, the conſpicuous blot appears to all eyes: Royal *iniquity* is greater than that of other men.

The emperor XAM led a moſt irregular life, and though his failings were thoſe of his age, yet the *Chineſe* to brand any action, as wicked, baſe and infamous, ſay, " 'Tis " XAM's crime," and add for reaſon, " XAM was a moſt " wicked emperor."

A king ought never to ſhew himſelf to his people, but with a decent majeſty. Virtue, when not ſupported by gravity, loſes part of the authority ſhe ſhould have over mankind.

CONFUCIUS ſtrengthens this by the following example; When a *prieſt* goes to offer a ſacrifice, he approaches the altar with a ſolemn ſilence; his majeſtic carriage, and reverend air diffuſe reſpect all around; his modeſty, gravity, and virtue, obtain a ſtrict and religious awe from the people, not lur'd thereto by the hope of recompence, nor compelled by the fear of any puniſhment. The example of a virtuous prince has the ſame influence over his people. The filial dread of diſpleaſing him, works more effectually in their hearts, than any apprehenſion of whatever the ſevereſt laws can inflict.

The prince that would inſpire his ſubjects with a love of *virtue*, ſhould make *virtue* his principal ſtudy, and never confer any dignity but on men whoſe merit is univerſally allowed. The conſequence would be, that as all men are naturally ambitious of honours, they would endeavour to render themſelves *virtuouſly* deſerving thereof. This good will thence accrue to the ſtate, the people will with pleaſure receive any tax from the hands of a miniſter, in favour of whoſe virtuous qualities they are prepoſſeſſed; all elſe, will ſeem impoſition to them.

Even ſo a courtier who has once acquired a character of ſincerity, can dare to adviſe his *prince*, and what is more

be

be liſtened to, and often in conſequence lov'd. But if he have not that reputation, though moſt deſerving of it; whatever he ſays to his prince, far from gaining his eſteem, will draw on him his hatred and contempt.

The trueſt means for kings to be faithfully ſerved by their ſubjects, is by their conduct to convince them, that their ſole ſtudy is to render them happy. Subjects through fear are held by a very brittle tie; the moſt ſtedfaſt and loyal are thoſe, who through their prince's lenity almoſt forget they have a maſter.

A king ought always to endeavour to gain his people's confidence, and often aſk their advice. By ſuch a method he would accuſtom thoſe properly qualified, to give him wholeſome admoniſhments, from time to time.

CONFUCIUS juſtly obſerves, that a prince of the greateſt talents may deprive himſelf of good counſel, by making known his own ſentiment firſt; the fear of his royal diſpleaſure often ſilences a different opinion.

The ſpring of popular love for a prince, is to diminiſh all taxes, the number of placemen, and other royal vermin, who live by worrying the public.

The *welfare* of the STATE depends on that of a PEOPLE; the prince that daily whelms them with new taxes, impoveriſhes himſelf.

CONFUCIUS, to render this maxim more ſtriking, ſays, an extorting prince acts like a man, who would cut off, and devour his own limbs to fill his belly with; the belly indeed would ſoon be fill'd, but the diminiſhed body muſt periſh in conſequence.

Effects of CONFUCIUS's *doctrine.*

CHINA has been governed by 250 emperors, of 22 different families. That which now reigns came from *Tartary*. The *Chineſe* give the epithet of holy to their dominion. All malefactors whoſe crimes deſerve not death, are tranſported to *Tartary*, in hopes that the ſeverity of the climate will in their children prevent any hereditary vice, and make them become virtuouſly degenerate from their anceſtors.

We find in their hiſtory acts of generoſity and heroiſm, which ſeem almoſt incredible. Not only princeſſes and ladies of the firſt rank, but women of the meaneſt degree, fly from life, to preſerve their honour. Magiſtrates give up their places, not only not to partake of, but to be even ſpectators of the court's iniquity. Brothers equally deſerving the throne, to their own diſadvantage, make intereſt in each other's behalf, induſtriouſly ſhun a preference, and by ſo noble and uncommon a ſtruggle, triumph mutually over each other, and themſelves. Some emperors to procure peace and happineſs for their people, offer themſelves up a willing victim to appeaſe celeſtial anger.——On the other hand ſubjects ſacrifice all that's dear in life to preſerve the laſt remaining heir of the royal family.

In the emperor CHIMTAM's reign *China* was afflicted with univerſal famine, caus'd by a ſeven years drought. The *mandarin* * whoſe office was to obſerve all celeſtial motions

* There are three claſſes of them, the firſt are for civil, the ſecond for military affairs, the third are thoſe who have inſpection over the collectors of the emperor's revenues.

tions and influences, inform'd the emperor that common victims were now insufficient, and that in this last extremity, human blood was required to appease irritated heaven. Like a true father of his country, he fix'd his eye on himself for a victim, and then, which was in the 90th year of his age, had his silver locks cut off; by three days fasting and prayer, he prepared himself for the sacrifice. On the third day cover'd with a sheep's skin, and in a chariot drawn by two white horses, he advanced to the foot of a mountain near the city; to throw himself into a proper state of humiliation, and to be more conformable to the idea of a victim, he prostrated himself on the earth, and in that abject plight crept to the top of the mountain: where with eyes of submission and repentance, he thus address'd the omnipotent. *Let the just effusion of my blood recover for my innocent people, whatever heavenly favours the iniquity of my reign has depriv'd them of.* This paternal prayer was follow'd by an immediate shower, which produc'd thro' the empire a most plentiful harvest, and preserv'd so worthy an emperor to be his people's happiness, and the admiration of mankind.

The emperor LIVAM's tyranny had rendered him so execrable to his people, that they unanimously rebel'd and made him seek for safety, in flying their resentment. The vengeance they intended for the escap'd emperor, fell redoubled on his innocent family, of which they made a general havoc. The minister of state snatch'd one of the children from so horrid a butchery, but the people's anger knowing no bounds, demanded the poor babe to satiate their fury; otherwise threaten'd him, and his, with the like fate. To content the merciless blood-hounds, he cheated them with his own child in lieu of his master's, whom by so uncommon an exchange he preserv'd, and afterwards

found

found means to work his reſtoration; and ſo procur'd him life and monarchy. Do not ſuch actions not only equal but even ſurpaſs whatever (among us) romantic fiction has invented. Where can we find examples of ſo conſtant a zeal, to preſerve the child of a prince, who was odious to his people, and deſerved to be ſo.

Tho' the emperor's power be abſolute, if he have any regard for his reputation or intereſt, he can never be tempted to make any unlawful uſe thereof. It would be weakening his authority to violate the laws *already eſtabliſh'd*, which are ſo favourable to him: the enacting any new law would be a ready way to cauſe a ſudden revolution.

The manner of compiling the hiſtory of each emperor, is a ſufficient curb to their ambition. A ſelect number is appointed to obſerve all his words, and actions, who without communicating their remarks to each other, according as the incidents happen write them on looſe papers, which through a ſmall opening they throw into a box conſecrated to that uſe. The good and evil are there ſet forth in their natural lights; and that hope or fear ſhould no way influence theſe inſpectors over royalty, the box is never open'd till after the emperor's deceaſe. From their different memoirs compar'd together, the emperor's hiſtory is drawn out, to be the object of the eſteem, or diſdain of poſterity.

That juſtice might be the more inviolably executed, the emperor TAICUM publiſh'd an edict which forbid all magiſtrates to receive any preſents on pain of death, and at the ſame time had ſome of them tempted with bribes in a moſt ſecret manner; thoſe who yielded to the temptation he ſentenc'd to death. They would inevitably have been executed, but that one of the miniſters of ſtate remonſtrated to the emperor, that tho' thoſe magiſtrates were guilty, his majeſty was

not altogether free from cenſure, in having tempted them to violate the law, and in ſo artful a manner. The emperor, ſenſible of his error, thanked the miniſter for ſo wholſome an advice, and forgave a crime he look'd on himſelf as partly author of.

No poſts are venal in *China*, the emperors make a gracious gift of them, to all, whoſe virtues render them worthy of their poſſeſſion. Before he prefers a perſon to any dignity, a ſtrict enquiry is made into his way of living, conduct, and talents.

In the reign of UVAM it was receiv'd for a general maxim, that, *He was to be look'd on as the moſt wealthy, and powerful man in the empire who was the moſt virtuous.* What greater encomium can be made on virtue!

Among them there is no nobility but what virtue gives, and no diſtinction but what is annex'd to the poſts they occupy. By this wiſe policy a deſire of ſhining in all employments is diffus'd throughout the empire, and commerce the ſupport of ſociety flouriſhes, which in many kingdoms, by the inglorious indolence of an idle luxurious nobility, is reduced to nothing. *China* is no place for idlers; there every man applies himſelf to agriculture, or trade. The blind and leprous are the only permitted to call for alms.

Some emperors have been ſo delicately virtuous, as by public mandates to countenance their ſubjects' admoniſhing them of their faults.

No *mandarin* can be governor of the province or city he is native of, nor any of his relations of a town in the diſtrict of his power: Theſe neceſſary precautions procure equity from the magiſtrate to the people, and tranquillity to the ſtate. What formidable faction can a governor make in a province where he is an entire ſtranger? All impotent At-

tempts

tempts to leſſen the emperor's ſacred authority, would be a ready way to diveſt him of his own.

The *mandarins'* children are detain'd at court under the honourable pretext of giving them a polite and courtly education: but in fact to be pledges for their fathers' conduct.

With regard to inſurrections, they ſay it is the fault of a father when his family riſes againſt him. What people ſatisfied with their government ſeeks a new maſter, or ever dreams to ſhake off a yoak they think it a pleaſure to wear?

That the *mandarins* may never become remiſs in performing their duty, the emperors often make a tour of their dominions: the meaneſt ſubject's complaint is heard, and the *mandarin* prov'd guilty, puniſh'd to the laſt rigour of the law. As the *mandarins* live in a perpetual apprehenſion of ſo unwelcome a viſit, they ſeldom dare to wrong the people, who in return look on the emperor with eyes of adoration. Every five or ſeven years there are enquiries made into the behaviour of the *mandarins* in their reſpective governments.

The public revenues are collected with great tranquillity and order, and without the interfering of an army of ſubject-fleaing officers. As the lands are all meaſured, the families counted, and what the prince is to have of the fruits of the earth ſettled, *&c.* each man brings his contingent to the governor of the city, who never forfeits the goods and chattels of thoſe who tranſgreſs, leſt ſuch a forfeiture ſhould cauſe the ruin of the family; the tranſgreſſors are impriſon'd or otherwiſe puniſh'd, till they acquit the debt. The governor of each city gives up his accounts to one of the chief *mandarins* of the province, who is accountable for the different ſums he receives to a higher court; the greater part of

the money collected in the different provinces, is there consum'd in paying penſions, placemen, the army, and all public undertakings: the overplus is carried to the royal treaſury at *Pekin* the capital of *China*.

Agriculture is in great eſteem there; *Confucius* calls it the baſis of empire, and nerves of ſociety. At the opening of the ſpring, the emperor in a moſt ſolemn manner, tills a ſmall ſpot of ground to encourage his ſubjects, by his example, to cultivate their land. The harveſt of his royal labour is offer'd up to heaven. The *mandarin* of each city goes thro' the ſame ceremony. An accidental ſhower is turn'd to compliments in their honour and praiſe: Hunting is forbid during five months of the year, leſt it ſhould prejudice the harveſt. Some of their moſt famous *mandarins* gave the following ſketch of what conſtitutes a perfect one; 'tis he that in ſpring viſits all the country round, and recompences with ſome diſtinguiſhing marks of his favour, the careful, induſtrious huſbandman, and puniſhes the lazy, or ſpendthrift. He aſſiſts them who through want cannot till their ground, by advancing them money to buy an ox, and ſends them a ſufficient quantity of corn to ſow. When they come to pay him in harveſt, he looks on their proſperity as the intereſt of the principal he lent them. This benevolent conduct of the *mandarin*, gives the poor farmers new ſpirits to drudge thro' the laborious year; who, rouz'd with a general emulation, make the country as in recompence preſent their benefactor with a moſt agreeable proſpect. In all the villages of his diſtrict, men, women, and children *wear a face of joy*, and every tongue repeats his praiſe.

Their ſyſtem of politics is entirely founded on the reciprocal love of children and parents; ſo its baſis is the firſt ſentiment of nature. The emperor is ſtiled the father of the em-

pire; each *mandarin* that of the city he governs. The emperor *Taicum* often ſaid, I look on my empire with the ſame affection, that a tender father eyes his family, and embrace my ſubjects as the children of my body.

In regard to the emperor, the idea of father is ſo ſtrongly impreſs'd on the minds of the *Chineſe*, that all their praiſes take riſe from his paternal affection for his ſubjects. And the common form of all addreſſes preſented to him alludes to the actions of an idulgent father to his family. Beſides the fix'd ſalaries for all his officers, there is by his order a certain quantity of proviſion, and all other requiſites given to them every day, to ſhew their dependance on him, as on a father. By a fundamental law of the empire, the *mandarins* have ſolemn aſſemblies twice every month, to read publickly an ample inſtruction to the people; herein they act the part of a father that inſtructs his family.

The *Chineſe* writers continually repeat in their works, that the regulation of a private family ought to ſerve as a model for the more extenſive government of a kingdom. All the ancient emperors, as their hiſtory informs us, ſcrupulouſly follow'd this maxim, and ſerv'd a kind of apprenticeſhip in directing their private affairs, to become in conſequence more capable of managing the ſtate. They had a ſevere eye over all their actions, and took all poſſible care to be living examples of virtue to their courtiers and ſervants. For, as CONFUCIUS juſtly obſerves, the man that cannot govern himſelf, is incapable of governing his family, and much leſs a kingdom.

This admirable philoſopher farther aſſerts, that the members of any ſtate ought to look on themſelves as members of a family. That the ſubjects owe to their prince, the ſubmiſſive obedience children owe to their parents, and to each other the mutual love of brothers. That the lower rank of people

ought

ought to reſpect the greater as their elders, and the greater look on the lower with the mild condeſcenſion due to younger brothers. The prince ought to have for them all, bowels of clemency and goodneſs, and when forc'd to the ſad neceſſity of puniſhing, do it with the tenderneſs of a father to his child; the hand that ſtrikes fears to hurt.

Whatever diſgrace an unhappy father may fall into, or whatever dignity a ſon's merit may raiſe him to, no conſideration, ſays CONFUCIUS, ſhould diminiſh the reſpect of a child for his parent; he ought to have a perpetual apprehenſion of diſpleaſing him, and have continually before his eyes, that baſe as he is, he is his father ſtill. The magiſtrates ſhould be ſtrict in obſerving the tyes of nature, as their example is to influence the public; this great duty is to take its riſe from thence, for as the emperor reſpects his parents, ſo is he to expect a return from his people, and this is the moſt infallible method of gaining their eſteem, they will willingly obey him as their common father. This univerſal love riſing from the people to the emperor, will be from him transferr'd to God, the Great Father of all, and ſource of power; who, pleas'd with ſo agreeable an incenſe, and to recompence ſuch ſublime virtues, will make peace ſtretch her golden wings over the happy realms. The emperor and his people will in conſequence become but one family; the empire their manſion-houſe, in which the ſubjects will obey their ſovereign as a father, and the ſovereign love his ſubjects as his children.

To confirm this doctrine CONFUCIUS attributes one of the longeſt, and moſt happy reigns that ever was in *China*, to the emperor's uncommon reſpect for his parents. May we not hence incline to think, that this excellent moraliſt had ſome knowledge of the promiſe made by the true God to his

choſen

choſen people, *Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land of the living.*

A magiſtrate for male adminiſtration was diſgraced, and condemn'd to die; his ſon about fifteen years old, threw himſelf at the emperor's feet, and begged that by the effuſion of his blood he might redeem his father's life: The emperor mov'd at ſo generous a requeſt, not only granted him the life he aſk'd, but offer'd him the place his father loſt, with other diſtinguiſhing marks of his imperial favour, to recompence ſuch riſing virtue. The child thanked the emperor for his father's life, and modeſtly refus'd the poſt with all other honours that muſt perpetually remind him of his father's fault.

The power of parents, among them, is very great. If a father accuſe his child of any crime before a *mandarin*, he needs ſcarce any other proof. They generally ſuppoſe a child guilty when a parent cites him before juſtice. When a child ſhoots out into unbounded libertiniſm, and the family apprehends ſome diſhonourable action by him; the parents and relations by authority of the civil magiſtrate, their common father, aſſemble together, and ſentence him to death.

Some emperors with their court have gone in mourning a month, to expiate the crime of a child's ſtriking his father or mother; but if any wretch were ſo loſt to humanity, as to murder either, the whole empire is alarm'd, and the province in which the parricide was committed, in an uproar. The *mandarins* there, loſe their places; and the next relations are ſeverely puniſh'd for not having more ſtrictly watch'd over his conduct, as they hold for maxim: *perverted nature mounts but by degrees to the blackeſt crimes.* Him they cut inch by inch, burn alive, in ſhort, employ every kind of torture their indignation can invent. They raze the houſe

he dwelt in, throw down all others in its neighbourhood, and erect monuments around to perpetuate the punishment of so execrable a deed.

CONCLUSION.

To attempt the praise of this great legislator would be idle and impertinent. His own precepts, and effects thereof, are his greatest panegyric: In acknowledgement of the almost divine instruction he has left us, mankind should join in an universal chorus,

CONFUCIUS *hail.*——

——" *Thou best of human race.*

" *'Till erring mortals were improv'd by grace.*

THE DEITY.

Principio cælum, et terras, campoſque liquentes
Lucentemque globum lunæ, titaniaque aſtra
Spiritus intus alit; totamque infuſa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno ſe corpore miſcet:
Unde hominum, pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum
Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus. VIRG.

A GOD there is! the loud creation tells;
Th' implanted truth in every boſom dwells.
In vain the atheiſt with his ſplendid lines
Dazzles half-reas'ners, with th' unknowing ſhines.
His proofs like bubbles of a rainy day
That dancing on the water's ſurface play,
And, if but touch'd, their nothingneſs diſcloſe;
On buoyant air, the brittle convex roſe:
Like wand'ring fires that travellers, betray'd
With a falſe light, to ſure deſtruction lead.
Offspring of error, inauſpicious band,
Wretches avaunt, nor dare the teſt to ſtand,
Fly ſacred truth, and there your rites maintain,
Where darkneſs, chance, and elder chaos reign.

If ye demand evincing proofs to know
That GOD's exiſtence manifeſtly ſhew;
Earth, ſea, and heav'n, his greateſt work in *man*,
View well———then doubt a DEITY if ye can.—
'Tis he gives life, leads on the rolling years,
Th' Almighty Agent in each act appears,
Gleams in the colours of the wat'ry bow;
Falls in ſoft fleeces of deſcending ſnow:
With hoary honours ſilvers o'er the woods,
And freezing chains the current of the floods.
'Tis he, when low'ring winter creeps away,
Joys in the fields, and bids the world be gay;
Diſpenſes verdure to the bloomy bow'rs,
Decks all the meads, and paints the ſpringing flow'rs.
This one, this great, this univerſal ſoul,
Breathes in each inſect, animates the whole:
Smiles in the morning, bluſhes in the noon,
Swells in the waves; and glitters in the moon:
Flies on the winds, and in the light'ning plays,
Glows in the ſun, and ſhines in all his rays.
From him, flow concord, friendſhip, peace, and love,
All flows from him, in him all beings move.

ON

ON THE

LAST-DAY.

——— *fractus illabatur orbis,*
——— *ferient ruinæ.* HOR.

WITH ſanguine clouds th' unhinged ſky's o'ercaſt
And the hoarſe thunders dying, groan their laſt.
Time is no more——Death breaks his fated ſpear;
Affrighted dæmons the dread mandate hear.
The trumpet ſounds! at its tremendous call,
Sun, moon, and ſtars in join'd deſtruction fall.
A ſecond horrid blaſt! convulſive earth
With direful pangs heaves a reluctant birth.
The hears'd in darkneſs that thro' ages lay;
Bolt into forms of new collected clay:
Start at the glare of GOD's eternal ray.

Pride's haughty ſons no vain precedence have,
Diſtinctive honours periſh in the grave;
The king, the ſlave, the abject, and the proud,
The learn'd, unlearn'd, ſtrong, weak, rich, poor, an equal crowd.

Hear pagan worlds their fatal errors groan,
Where ev'ry thing was GOD, but GOD alone! *
Exiſtence is a dream—books what? A ſhew!
We live to die, and learn we nothing know.

THE

* Ou tout etoit Dieu, exceptè Dieu même. BOSSUET.

THE

LOGICO-MASTIX.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas,
Et ſtultus labor eſt ineptiarum. MARTIAL.

YE gods, ye gods who rule the ſky,
And ſketch out human deſtiny;
What lady's patch-box have I ſpill'd,
Tea-pot o'er-ſet, or lap-dog kill'd?
That I muſt rail 'gainſt cruel ſtars
That force me to pedantic wars.
But whilſt I rail the ſchool appears,
Deteſted cauſe of all my fears.
Th' old *ſophiſt* comes, his words confound,
His freezing looks deal horror round.
To his vile ſtuff, with hanging jaws,
Admiring dunces gape applauſe.
While that his ſenſeleſs jargon flows,
T' avert my thoughts, mine eyes I cloſe;
A pleaſing phrenzy ſoothes my mind,
I leave the jabb'ring ſchool behind:
On *Pindus'* top methinks I ſtand,
Around me plays the tuneful band

Thus the young maid from city drawn,
To ſhady groves, or dewy lawn;
The firſt receſs ſhe chance to find
Invites a dream to chear her mind:
Before her raviſh'd fancy plays,
The ſcen'ry of her happier days.
Sour grannam frets, and calls the maid,
In pleaſing raptures happy laid;
She waken'd ſtretches, yawns, and ſighs;
But the dear flatt'ring viſion flies.
Even ſo, poor wretch, while gods around
T'aſſuage me ſeem with fancied ſound,
Old *Probo* haſtens to ſurprize,
Pulls by the ſleeve, and *ergo* cries—
Ergo the frighten'd powers cry!
Ergo the trembling vales reply!
The much-lov'd phantoms diſappear;
But *ergo*, jarring, grates mine ear.
I wake, alas, to ſcenes of woe,
Which oft, too oft I undergo.
What mortal can bear traſh ſo vile,
Their anti-reas'ning; perplex'd ſtile?
Words a foot long and void of ſenſe,
To learning make abſurd pretence.
Unmeaning terms they ſtill invent;
Unknown chimeras to comment.
To argue two young athlets riſe
With hateful looks, and ardent eyes;
As neither can his foe confute,
They looſe the bullies of diſpute:
The combat warms, their fury grows,
In ev'ry breaſt fierce nonſenſe glows.

Baroco foams, *Felapton* nods,
And grim *Brocardo* ſcares the gods.
The loudeſt blockhead bears the ſway;
But ſhrieking reaſon flies away.
With horrid diſſonance they tear
My poor excruciated ear.
From *ſophiſts* far, and *logic*-ſchools,
The dreams of *Scot*, and wrangling fools,
Snatch me kind heav'n, and place me where
No raving *Thomiſt* dare appear.

TRANSLATIONS.

PRonaque dum ſpectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Juſſit, et erectos ad ſydera tollere vultus. OVID.

While other creatures ſluggiſh to the ground,
By ſenſual appetite are downward bound;
God unto man a face erect has giv'n,
To view his kindred ſtars, and native heav'n.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca. ADRIAN.

My precious ſoul, my vital dear,
Queen of my heart, my only care;

Ah, whither trembling and alone
Wilt thou from this lov'd breaſt be gone?
Where then thy frolics, jokes, and plays,
Thy merry nights, thy ſportful days?

Nocte pluit totâ; redeunt ſpectacula manè:
Diviſum imperium cum JOVE CÆSAR *habet.* VIRG.

All night it rains; joy greets the morning-ray:
JOVE reigns by night; but CÆSAR rules the day.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam NEPTUNUS *in undis,*
Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari.
Nunc age, Tarpeias *quantum-vis* JUPITER *arces*
Objice, et illa tui mœnia MARTIS *ait:*
Si Tiberim Pelago præfers, urbem aſpice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe deos. SANNAZAR.

As NEPTUNE ſaw how in fierce *Adria*'s flood,
Queen of the ſeas aſpiring *Venice* ſtood;
With joy exulting, JUPITER he calls,
Boaſt now *Tarpeia*'s tow'rs and *Martian* walls:
If *Tyber*'s riv'let is preferr'd by thee
To the vaſt regions of the boundleſs ſea?
View well each city, own the mighty odds;
ROME *men* have built: but *Venice* roſe by GODS!

Se'l pecar è ſi dolce
E'l non peccar ſi neceſſario, o troppo
Imperfetta natura,
Che repugni à la legge.

O troppo dura leggé,
Che natura *offendi.*——— GUARINI.

Nature and *law* by ſome capricious pact,
Mutually blame what each inſpires to act:
The one invites us with enticing charms,
The other checks us with impending harms.
Or *nature* ſins to make us ſlight the *law*,
And by alluring to our ruin draw;
Or hard the law that would from bliſs reſtrain,
And for ſhort joys inflict eternal pain.
Tyrannous *law* reverſe thy hard decree,
Or tender *nature* win us not to thee.

Tout me fait peine,
Et depuis un jour
Je crois Climene,
Que j'aye de l'amour.
Cette nouvelle,
Vous met en courroux,
Tout beau cruelle,
Ce ne'ſt pas pour vous. BOILEAU.

Fair *Climene* of late I find
Love's pleaſing empire ſways my mind;
By heav'n the declaration's true:——
Why frown proud nymph? 'Tis not for you.—

On the Engliſh, French, *and* Italian *Languages.*

THE ENGLISH like SOL's meridian pride ſtrikes with a ſuperior, but to weak eyes intolerable luſtre.

The FRENCH like PHOEBE chears the eye with a milder, borrow'd; but inviting ſplendor.

The ITALIAN is not unlike the ſparkling hoſt of STARS, when not a ſpeck ſtains the pure azure of the ſky; their twinkling ſilver rays dance to the eye and cauſe moſt pleaſing thoughts.

When riſing winds bruſh o'er the black'ning deep
And rouze the billows from the down of ſleep;
Th' imperial murmurs our attention draw,
Give ſolemn pleaſure, and majeſtic awe:
Not unlike this our *Engliſh* idiom proves,
Which foreign genius more admires, than loves.
The *French* like *Nilus* that adored reigns,
Diffuſing wealth o'er *Egypt*'s fertile plains:
It's eaſy flowing yields a pure delight,
Joy to the thought, and wonder to the ſight.
Like to ſome limpid ſtream th' *Italian* ſhews,
That o'er clear pebbles thro' neat gardens flows.
Hear it's ſweet noiſe—ſee flow'rs on adverſe ſides;
And ſerpent-folds thro' which it ſporting glides,
A mingling pleaſure gloomy care beguiles,
Plays round the heart, and charms us into ſmiles.

Voluptatis imago.

FLore novo gaudens, et odorâ ſpina coronâ
Suave exhalantem venientibus explicat umbram,
Diſſimulatque dolos niveo circumdata amictu.
Aſt ubi hyperboreus revoluto ſydere flatus,
Incubuit campis, et vernos ſtravit honores,

Prob! decus omne fugit! protendunt ſpicula nudas
Jam viduata minas—ſic heu juvenilibus annis
Deſluit arridens perituro flore voluptas,
Excipiuntque ſuæ fugientia gaudia curæ.

The EMBLEM *of* PLEASURE.

With op'ning flow'rs diffuſing odours round,
A ſweet inviting ſhade the hawthorn crown'd,
Its points beneath a ſnowy mantle hides
Inſidious—but when æquinox divides
The year——when bluſt'ring winter hurries on,
How deſolate each ſcene, gay ſummer flown!
The points advance, unmaſk'd defiance look.
So unexperienc'd youth by pleaſures hook;
(The ſhort-liv'd painted bloom decay'd) is caught:
And harlot-joy's by dear repentance bought.

CORNEILLE, ET RACINE.

Par nobile vatum.

CORNEILLE *d'un vol rapide s'elance dans les airs, et s'introduit à l'aſſemblée des Dieux.*

RACINE *au contraire ſource feconde d'idées les plus agreeables ſe plait a promener ſon imagination dans l'aimable bôcage de la reine de Cythere. Là, Cupidon le prend par la main, et ayant ouvert des Cœurs enflammés, lui montre tous les replis de l'amour.*

Pendant que l'un enchante l'oreille des dieux, et leur ravit l'ame par la ſublimité de ſes vers; l'autre aſſis au bord d'une eau douce et tranquille aſſemble au tour de lui les tourtourelles gemiſſantes, qui melant leurs accens plaintives aux tendres ſons de ſa flute font retentir les ecchos d'alentour.

CORNEILLE ſoars aloft, and mixes with the heavenly Synod.

RACINE, happy ſource of pleaſing imagery, regales his fancy in the amiable bowers of the queen of *Paphos*. There *Cupid* takes him by the hand, and unravels to him the laby-rinth of enamoured hearts.

CORNEILLE charms the ears of every God, and maſters their attention by the ſublimity of his verſe. *Racine* ſeated near a deep, and gently flowing river, concerts to ſighing turtles with the plaintive accents of his melodious pipe; which all around delight the liſtening *ecchos*.

ON

Mr. *STEPHEN DUCK*.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora——— OVID.

APOLLO once by JUPITER proclaim'd
(For heav'nly breaſts are oft with wrath inflam'd)
To 'ſcape the vengeful thunderbolts of *Jove*,
Precipitate elop'd from realms above.
ADMETUS' court th' illuſtrious exile ſeeks,
And 'tends his flocks in ſolitary creeks.
Relenting *Jove* at length the god reſtor'd,
His lyre again was heard, and he again ador'd.
A recent diſcord kindled in the ſky,
APOLLO's forc'd a ſecond time to fly.
To ſhun the terrors of th' impending ſtorm,
In *Albion*'s iſle he feigns another form.

The

The learn'd opine, nay, witty critics ſay,
He's either threſhing, or a making hay;
Nor aught repugnant to the thought I ſee,
Who once a *cow-herd* was, may well a *threſher* be.

To the AUTHOR *of the* TREACHEROUS HUSBAND, *a tragedy never publiſhed.*

——— plena doloris
Fabula———

TOO long the *tragic* muſe aſpiring ſings,
The riſe of heroes, or the fall of kings.
She, eagle like, diſdains our humble earth,
Seeks her own heav'n ambitious of her birth.
Our modeſt author in a gentle ſtrain,
Delights to ſport upon the verdant plain.
An humble and pathetic theme he choſe,
A ſad abridgement of domeſtic woes;
A treach'rous huſband, and a treach'rous friend,
Baſely ſubſervient to his luſtful end.
With dread variety each ſcene he fills,
Replete with fraud, and complicated ills.
Riſing, yet flowing ſhines each well wrought part,
Eaſy as nature, but correct as art.
All gen'rous hearts ſincere compaſſion ſhew;
Weeps ev'ry eye, the chaſte *Lavinia*'s woe.
No greater pleaſure can our mind receive,
Than the ſoft anguiſh happy authors leave;
Who can their moving ſcenes ſo well employ,
In greateſt griefs to mix a tacit joy:

That

That ev'n when all the dreadful work is o'er,
Makes us, ſtill anxious, wiſh for ſomething more.
So, when in heav'ns wide-ſpreading canopy,
Admiring nations new-form'd wonders ſee;
Advancing night leads on her ſolemn courſe,
And growing robs us with a ſilent force:
Darkling ſhe ſteals upon our new delight,
Deceives the gazing of the eager ſight,
And veils us in a ſadly pleaſing night.

TO

WIT.

Unhappy Wit *like moſt miſtaken things,*
Attones not for that envy *which it brings:*
Still more our trouble when the moſt admir'd;
The more we give, the more is ſtill requir'd:
The fame with pains we gain, we loſe with eaſe;
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone. POPE.

HAIL divine *wit*, thou lovely dang'rous thing,
Honour to ſome, ill-will to more you bring.
May I ne'er ſwerve from reaſons brighter ray;
That be my guide to point th' unerring way:
Walk in the paths unbias'd ſenſe has trod,
And humbly b'lieve there's ſuch a thing as God!
Be ſlow to blame, but zealous to commend,
True merit in a foe, as in a friend;

Rather

Rather ſubmit, than chuſe to tyrannize,
To yield politely, than be rudely wiſe:
Unleſs when vice or dulneſs 'gainſt religion riſe.

May I ne'er live to ſee the fatal day;
But if I ſhould——then, gracious heav'n, I pray,
When I affect the fop, or pedant's part;
Bleſs me with dulneſs, and an humble heart.

TO

FORTUNE.

O diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præſens vel imo tollere de gradû,
Mortale corpus, vel ſuperbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos. HOR.

FORTUNE, thou partial, blind, capricious whore,
Pleas'd t' enrich ſcoundrels, and keep worthies poor;
Why was I born to this confined ſtate,
Or why my thoughts not moulded to my fate?
Why am I warm'd with all the gay deſires,
Or higher views when proud ambition fires;
Make crouching monarchs tremble at my nod,
Spurn this vile earth, and ſoar into a god?
Or from thy ſhrine let me due favours win,
Or fit my paſſions to the ſtate I'm in.

VENUS'

VENUS' PROGRESS.

Erycina ridens
Quam jocus circumvolat, et Cupido. HOR.

THERE goes the goddeſs of the ſmiles and loves,
Heart-winning VENUS drawn by cooing doves.
What charms attractive, what bewitching grace
Glance from her eyes, and wanton o'er her face!
Where-e'er ſhe tends a bland fore-running breeze,
Sighs her approach, and bow th' enamoured trees.
Th' admiring flocks ſtand gazing in a throng;
The ſtreams flow gentler as ſhe drives along.
While am'rous thoughts the pleaſing road beguile,
Joy reigns around——if *Cytherëá* ſmile?
New rays of glory beautify the field,
Rude leafleſs briars inſtant bloſſoms yield;
Each conſcious roſe pours forth its richeſt die,
A purer azure animates the ſky.
Her voice more pow'rful than *Orphean* lays,
Hear, when ſhe ſpeaks, ev'n raptur'd envy praiſe.
Th' aerial audience clap extatic wings,
And notes applauſive *Philomela* ſings.
The foreſt greener looks; the ſmiling ground
Luxuriant glows——the bloomy flow'rs around
Breathe their fond ſouls, in exhalations riſe,
And perfum'd clouds regale the bending ſkies.

A

VINDICATION

OF THE

FAIR SEX.

Dux fæmina facti! VIRG.

We have often with indignation read, and heard, the abuſive ſpeech of whining CASTALIO, *in the* ORPHAN, *againſt the* fair ſex; *to which we here propoſe an antidote.*

WHO gave riſe to the politer arts? It was *Woman!* That ſhe might occupy dwellings worthy of her, *architecture* owes its ſtately pride to——*Woman!*

Muſicians modulated ſound to delight the ear of——*Woman!*

Painters firſt blended colours to pourtray the beauteous face of——*Woman!*

The firſt *ſculptors* with their amorous chizel, taught inſenſible rocks to warm, to fleſhen into life, and repreſent the enchanting figure of——*Woman!*

The young *poet*'s firſt favourite theme is to ſing the praiſe of——*Woman!*

In

In his earlieſt eſſays of eloquence the young *orator* celebrates the perfections of; and proves that all other beings are excelled by his beloved——*Woman!*

What arms the youthful *warrior?* Is it not that he may riſe in the eſteem, and have his ambitious temples bound in a laurel-crown, wreathed by the hands of his admired——*Woman!*

What in the politer companies of *Athens*, *Rome*, and *Paris*, (and it is hoped will do ſo here) branded drunkenneſs with infamy, and baniſhed it among ſlaves, and barbarians?——*Woman!*

The graces gave their gentle eaſe, heart-winning accents, and all-ſubduing courteſy to——*Woman!*

It is hence apparent that *politeneſs* and *taſte*, which are often ſynonimous terms; or at leaſt, ſo dependent on each other, that there is no ſeparating them: owe their riſe to the influencing preſence; as their progreſs, and continuation to the guardianſhip of——*Woman!*

The BEAUTIFUL FROWN.

——*Leſbia dulce minans.*

WHEN LESBIA joys to play the cruel part,
And with a frown to break her lover's heart;
The pretty tyrant ſees not, while ſhe ſtrives,
Her ſwain t'undo, unknowing ſhe revives.
In vain ſhe knits her ſnowy forehead, while
Her toil's eluded by a traitor-ſmile;

Or well-turn'd brows affect an angry air;
Kind VENUS' hand arranges ev'ry hair:
If ſome forc'd ſparkles of feign'd paſſion riſe,
Gay, bick'ring *Cupids* revel in her eyes!
By *frowns* to kill her lover ſhe deſign'd,
Her *frowns* exalt the tranſports of his mind;
Pleaſure in *frowns* fair LESBIA can beſtow——
Frown on dear girl ſince you more lovely grow.

A CYNIC'*s declaration of* LOVE.

Omnia vincit amor, nos et cedamus amori. VIRG.

BEHOLD bright nymph one of thy wounded train,
Through *Cynic* pride, reluctant to his chain:
Who 'ſpite of all a ſtubborn heart can prove,
Indignant feels th' all-conqu'ring pow'r of love.
Who would not, gods, be vanquiſh'd by ſuch charms,
Who would not wiſh the circle of her arms?
In her compriz'd, I ev'ry beauty ſee,
Of all that's fair the rich epitome.
Thoſe balmy lips that breathe the ſweets of *May*,
That neck, that breaſt, where rival *Cupids* play.
Thoſe pretty eyes attemp'ring ev'ry grace,
And ſpeaking wonders of her beauteous face!
Happy the man by *Hymen*'s laws confin'd,
And you approv'd, to all thoſe charms were join'd:
Great were his lot, extravagant his bliſs!
Elyſium's boaſted *joys* were dull to *his!*

The

The young POET'S WISH.

O qui me gelidis in vallibus hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ. VIRG.

SNATCH me, ye gods, to the ſequeſter'd bowers,
The ſoft dominion of the rural powers;
T' enamel'd meadows, and to verdant plains,
To limpid fountains, and to jocund ſwains.
'Tis there, O there! I'd joy to paſs my days,
And with ſome ſhepherd tune alternate lays;
Court ev'ry *Naiad* of the dimpled floods:
Love ev'ry *Driad* of th' embow'ring woods.
Fir'd with the pleaſing thought methinks I rove
Thro' *Tempe*'s vale, romantic ſcene of love.
PAN and his *Satyrs* firſt trip o'er the plain,
Next ſmiling VENUS daughter of the main;
The GRACES follow, now the heav'nly maids
Handed by GODS, *Olympus'* buxom blades;
Beſmear'd with lees, ſee, old SILENUS comes,
And jolly BACCHUS to the noiſe of drums.
His lyre attun'd to mirth, APOLLO plays,
And fires immortals with his artful lays.
Now dancing's ſweet variety they prove;
Equal they ſink, and riſe; now equal move:
And form harmonious labyrinths of love.
Tell me fam'd bards, what's your divinity;
But in ſuch pleaſing reveries to be?

When night deſcending with her gloomy veil,
Shadows each hill, and darkens ev'ry dale;
O may I then to balmy reſt be laid,
In a neat cot of humble ſtructure made:
Adjacent to ſome gently gliding flood,
Under the brow of an impending wood.
Pleas'd with whate'er propitious heav'n ſhou'd grant,
Not curs'd with riches, nor e'er pinch'd by want.
Yet there, two boons from bounteous heav'n I'd aſk,
Of mortal life to ſmooth the rugged taſk;
A day-companion in a taſteful ſwain,
Some *Thyrſis* he, or *Damon* of the plain.
A faithful nymph to paſs the pleaſing night,
In the chaſte folds of rapturous delight;
'Till early *Sol* with his returning rays,
Ope her bright eyes that dart a lovelier blaze.
Above, around, on ev'ry ſhrub, and tree,
We ſhould kind ſympathetic objects ſee:
Here, billing red-breaſts, there, fond cooing doves,
Ambitious rivals of our nobler loves.
Thus in learn'd ſcenes, and kind delicious ſtrife,
I'd gaily run th' allotted term of life;
'Till th' idle panting of my heart were o'er:
The muſe ſtruck dumb, and I cou'd love no more.

To *CÆLIA*'s LARK.

O factum malé, O miſelle paſſer,
Tuâ nunc operâ, meæ puellæ,
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli. CATULL.

COME pretty wand'rer, to your widow'd home,
Come little rake, and ceaſe abroad to roam.
What pleaſure find you in thoſe thorny dales,
Thoſe gloomy foreſts, rocks, and dreary vales?
There you in vain your ſweeteſt notes employ,
Deaf to your ſong, they can't its ſweets enjoy.
Ah how I melt with pity, when I ſee
Thy neatneſs refug'd in a wither'd tree;
Or view the golden plumes fond *Cælia* dreſt,
Ruffled by winds, or by the rain oppreſs'd.
O'er ice and ſnow to ſee you rove alone,
And in low chirpings hear your piteous moan!
Miſtaken bird, like erring mortals blind,
To think by roving *liberty* to find.
Freedom's a Name not many underſtand,
Eaſe and content, not boundleſs walks of land.
You little know the ſweets of *liberty*;
To be enſlav'd by her, was to be free.
Were it not better far, with her to ſtay,
Sport on her lap, or round the toilet ſtray,
Hang from her lips, or in her boſom play,
Than thus thro' rocks, and horrid vales to roam?
Come pretty wand'rer to your widow'd home.

For you the choiceſt nurture was prepar'd,
T' increaſe your bliſs no coſt fair *Cælia* ſpar'd.
For you unkind, t'allay your thirſty flame,
In ſilver vaſes ſhone the cryſtal ſtream.

How can you faithleſs from fond *Cælia* roam?
Come pretty wand'rer to your widow'd home.

But ah, how chang'd, how diff'rent's now your food?
Baſe dirty grains——your drink the ſlimy flood!
The birds of prey purſue where-e'er you fly;
In vain you moan; t'aſſiſt no *Cælia*'s nigh.

What gentle combats you were us'd to wage,
When your fond miſtreſs thro' the golden cage,
With her fair finger lov'd defiance bid;
And your bold beak the kind intruder chid.
How ſweetly obſtinate you'd keep your place,
Mock the dear threat'nings of her beauteous face;
Then feign a flight, and with a merry bound,
Wiſk your arch tail, and daſh the water round.
As the cold ſprink'ling forc'd a gentle ſqueek,
And wat'ry ſpangles glitter'd on her cheek;
How wou'd you make your little empire ring,
And in glad notes your wanton triumph ſing.

How can you faithleſs from fond *Cælia* roam,
Come pretty wand'rer to your widow'd home.

When chill'd by winter's cold, you clinging preſt,
The yielding ſoftneſs of her ſnowy breaſt.
How bliſsful then, how envied was thy fate?
For which the gods would quit their heav'nly ſtate.
For which great *Jove* wou'd lay his thunders by,
And gladly wiſh her boſom'd *lark* to be!

How can you, faithleſs, from fond *Cælia* roam,
Come pretty wand'rer to your widow'd home.

Thoſe joys (inconſtant) you may ſtill renew,
Th' afflicted fair on nothing thinks but you.
As of your flight lamenting *Cælia* tells,
Her aching breaſt with pretty ſorrow ſwells;
What gentle ſobs! how lovely are her ſighs!
The ſhining tears hang trembling from her eyes!
Ah faithleſs wretch, the cauſe of all this grief,
Return, return, O bring her quick relief.
In thy hard breaſt if tender aught remains,
Come; chear ſad *Cælia* with thy wonted ſtrains.

ON

MODERN ODE-WRITING.

——*Nervi.*
Deficiunt, animique—— HOR.

THE moſt taſteleſs and contemptible ſpecies of the ſcribbling kind are our modern *Ode-writers*. For as, on one hand, nothing requires more a true *genius*, and the *ignea vis animi*; ſo, on the other, I have frequently remark'd, that the moſt diſqualify'd by nature attempt it, tho' deſtitute of ſpirit, even in proſe.

One of thoſe beings promiſes, or, rather, agrees for an *Ode*, as calmly as a ſhoe-maker for a pair of ſhoes. To all therefore, who tranquilly ſay, *I will write an Ode*; I anſwer, Not you indeed.

A true *Ode* is the involuntary product of the muſe, the utmoſt ſtretch of the ſublime, and happy exploſion of poetic fire, which bears away the inſpired therewith, *judicious in their rage*; their criterion from madneſs.

Is mirth our real *Lyric*'s theme? He ſits with *Bacchus*, and his jovial crew, to quaff the copious bowl.

Or midnight revels to *Phœbe*'s friendly light? The Naiads, Dryads, and the mountain nymphs, joyouſly attend his call; crown'd with flowers he leads up the dance, and trips along the verdant plain.

If love? *Venus* with her cooing doves, and ſportive *Cupids*, mounted on the wings of amorous *Zephyr*, fan his gay imagination.

But if he ſing the irritated majeſty of heaven puniſhing ſinful nations? Behold him ſpring into the blazing car, enwrapt with lightenings, thunder in his hand; ſuperior to the wreck of nature, he ſmiles in glorious ſerenity; or, like *Addiſon*'s angel,

'*Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.*'

How different from this are our modern *water-grueliſts of Parnaſſus*, who, in their laid-out hours for Ode-journeymanſhip, ſee nothing but their uninſpiring candle, ſnuffers, and poker?

How would it make *Pindar*, *Horace*, and *Rouſſeau*, immortal ſons of true enthuſiaſm, laugh to ſee one of thoſe anti-lyric creatures twirl his cap about his ſterile head? But, O! what joy! to hit on a ſolitary thought, or image! which he paternally fondles, and ſpins out thro' the whole; while the true lyric is dazzled by the ſplendor of the ſubject, and crowding images that preſs in from every ſide.

The unpoetical gentry, I attack, make lyric poetry conſiſt in an odd ſucceſſion of long and ſhort lines, harſh eliſions, ſtrain'd metaphors, unnaturally coupled epithets, &c. with

which (when carpenter'd into a few *ſtanzas)* they *be-ode* ſome great man, for money, or a place.

As the lawrel'd prince of *lyric Odes* is tottering on the brink of eternity; and that the candidates, to ſucceed him, are numerous; I think it proper to lay in my claim: and therefore publiſh the following ſpecimen to prove myſelf duly qualified.

A SUBLIME FLATATA.

In the taſte of a modern birth-day, or birth-night CANTATA.

For the readier comprehending of this uncommon piece of Lyriciſm, *by readers who have not been in* Ireland, *where it was written in* October 1748; *we think proper to premiſe: that on the hill of* Howth, *ſeven miles diſtant from* Dublin, *on the north-ſide of its bay, is a light-houſe to direct mariners; on the ſouth-ſide riſe the* Wicklow-mountains: *a few leagues north of* Howth *is* Lamb-Bay, *a ſmall barren iſland.*

I.

TREMBLE vile bardlings at my nod,
I'll write an ODE! *I will*, by G—d;
The god of verſe I mean:
'Tis fit I that explain.
I chafe my temples, rub my ſide,
And now the *light-houſe* grate beſtride;
Whoſe glowing, more than *Pindar*'s fire,
Wou'd any frozen breaſt inſpire.

II.

O——h ——ho!
A——h ——ha!
What ſudden blaze illumes the town!
Up ſtart the waves, the hills pop down!
See how the ſtars more gaily glitter!
Hark, the green Nereids raiſe a titter!

III.

Charm'd with the ſong
The ſea-hogs ſkud along.

IV.

O night of joy!
O joyful night!
Which than the day
Is far more bright.

V.

While thus I warm,
O! wond'rous charm!
From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
See, goddeſs *Fame* opes wide her mouth;
Here with a hoop, and there with a hallo,
She bids to follow
Kings, great and ſmall—
Th' obey the call;
And wing their way
To lov'd *Lamb-bay*.

VI.

VI.

How they play
Briſk and gay;
Now on the heel, now on the toe,
Round, and round, and round, and round they go:
But, to each other whiſp'ring, ſing,
Great GEORGE *of* Brunſwick's Britain's *king*.

VII.

Slap-daſh, ye gods! the party o'er.
Each quickly lands on's native ſhore;
But, thro' their realms, bid eccho ring:
Great GEORGE *of* Brunſwick's Britain's *king*.

VIII.

Yield unto me the bays
Ye *ſmiths* of lyric lays,
And never more preſume to ſing,
In verſe ſo vile, so GOOD A KING.

AMORETTA.

A

PASTORAL.

THYRSIS, COLIN, DAMON.

———————————*Lycoris*

Perque nives alium, perque horrida ſaxa ſecuta eſt.

VIRG.

COLIN.

COME *Thyrſis* come, excite your wonted fire,
Wake muſic's ſounds, O rouze the dormant lyre.
It nought avails eternally to weep,
Droops ev'ry ſwain while you ſad ſilence keep.
No more the birds, O extaſy to ſight,
Charm'd by your lays, ſuſpend their rapid flight.
No more the flocks attentive, in a throng,
Their walks forſake, attracted by your ſong.
Tho' [illegible] their reſtleſs courſe forbid to ſtay,
No more the riv'lets murmur a delay.
Thyrſis deſponds, his lyre neglected lies,
Riv'lets, birds, flocks, in ſorrow ſympathiſe.

THYRSIS.

Sun dim your rays, chaſte *Phœbe* ſhine no more.
Be dumb ye winds, ye torrents ceaſe to roar.

She's

She's gone, alas, who was my only joy——
Tormenting thought, I'll ne'er again employ
The tuneful lyre to chear the ſmiling days,
Or wake new pleaſures with harmonious lays.
Far, far from me fair *Amoret* is gone,
And far with her all harmony is flown.

Th' ungrateful leaves me for a newer love,
With him ſhe joys in diſtant lands to rove.
While angry *Boreas* ſweeps the raging main,
And wintry ſtorms afflict each weeping ſwain.

Yet to whatever climate ſhe repair,
Falſe tho' ſhe be, unkind, moſt cruel fair.
May leafleſs trees throw ſudden ſhades around,
May ſnow-capt rocks with inſtant green be crown'd;
Each flow'r regale her with its od'rous ſweet:
Hard, rugged ice feel green-ſword to her feet.

If I walk penſive to the conſcious groves
There the carv'd trees remind me of our loves:
I fly the groves, and homeward ſpeed my way,
As if, alas, that can my grief allay.

Returning homeward from inclement ſkies,
I meet no more your fondly ſmiling eyes;
No more you deck the neighb'ring mount to ſee,
If *Thyrſis* come;—pleas'd ſhout: 'tis he, 'tis he!

When home I come, and view the widow'd bed,
Where we were oft in fond embraces laid,
I beat my breaſt, diſhevell'd locks I tear,
Rail at my ſtars, and every vow unſwear.

With an enquiring look poor ſuppliant TRAY,*
Seems to demand why *Amoret's* away;
Learns the ſad cauſe in a reſponſive ſigh:
And catches ſorrow from his maſter's eye.

To

* His dog.

To my rack'd brain by various paſſions toſt,
Deluſive dreams reſtore what I had loſt.
Raptur'd I view my abſent miſtreſs' charms,
Cling to her lips, and preſs her in my arms.
Fair *Amoret*, in all her bloom I ſee;
I wake: the ſhadow flies unkind as ſhe.
I tune the lyre my aching heart to chear,
In vain——the mindful ſtrings ſtill ſing of her.
But by our gods, *Faunus* and PAN, I ſwear,
I'll bide no longer here; no longer bear
This war within; I'll quit theſe widow'd plains,
Forſake my flocks, and fly the jocund ſwains:
Dauntleſs my love purſue from pole to pole,
And at her feet contented breathe my ſoul.
Shou'd a proud rival dare oppoſe my way,
Death be his portion. Who can THYRSIS ſtay?
To ſee her once, I'd riſk a thouſand lives.
Who is not brave, that for his fair one ſtrives?
I part, I part, nor is't a lover's dream,
Farewel ye groves, farewel yon fav'rite ſtream.
Farewel all pleaſures of my happier days,
Farewel dear ſhepherds, and your ſprightly lays;
COLIN adieu,—protect my flocks; and tell:
That hapleſs ſhepherd never lov'd ſo well.

COLIN.

Enough of grief—here ſtop thy mournful ſong,
Lo, faithful *Damon*, trips it briſk along;
See his gay looks uncommon joy diffuſe,
Thyrſis; he ſmiles: ſure ſign of welcome news.

DAMON.

Rejoice ye groves, return, O golden ſpring,
Flow ſmooth ye waters, I glad tydings bring.
With joy tranſported ſpeedily I tend,
In the chear'd lover to revive my friend.
Thy *Amoretta*, comes, not far behind,
Till ſhe ſee *Thyrſis*, joyleſs is her mind.
At her return ſhe'll all your doubts remove;
Her *Thyrſis'* name ſhe ſighs to ev'ry grove:
And burns impatient to embrace her love.

COLIN.

Thrice happy ſwain renew thy golden days,
Now ſtrike the lyre, now tune thy ſweeteſt lays.
See ſpringing verdure chear our eyes around,
See flow'ry honours paint th'enamel'd ground,
The dimpled ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows,
And *Phœbus* with a ſmiling glory ſhews;
Since all things laugh, ſince nature's ſelf is glad:
Why ſhou'd dull grief make the lov'd *Thyrſis* ſad?

THYRSIS.

Talk not of grief, with joy my breaſt o'erflows,
And my charm'd ſoul with am'rous rapture glows.
My lyre aſſents to my exulting heart,
Springs to my hand, and challenges my art.
O bliſsful hour! O kind reverſe of fate!
Nor kings, nor gods, enjoy a happier ſtate.
Unenvied *Mars* the *Cyprian* queen endears——
Kings rule o'er ſlaves—my *Amoret* appears!

DAMON.

Come, let us all participate his joy.'
Ye wolves forget our tender flocks t' annoy.
Ye nymphs, ye ſhepherds mix in ſportive bands,
Wreathe your gay heads, and clap your joyous hands.
From heav'ns high tow'rs deſcend ye gods a-while,
Rough grinning *Satyrs* form an aukward ſmile,
Ye *Fawns*, and *Dryads* to the plains advance,
Sing all ye birds, and conſcious foreſts dance.
Smile now ye vales, now wanton Zephyrs play,
Sport ev'ry flock, and all ye ſwains be gay.

INKLE

I N K L E

AND

Y A R I C O.

Taken from the *Spectator*, Vol. I. No. XI.

Accipe nunc danaum inſidias, et crimine ab uno
Diſce omnes———— VIRG.

BY angry winds, and mountain-billows toſt,
Of luring wealth all fair ideas loſt;
Scar'd *Inkle* ſtarts at each tumultuous wave;
Dreads in the foamy yawn a ſudden grave.
Dire is the rumbling, terrible the jar,
The bell'wing deep proclaims tremendous war.
Affrighted monſters fly the wild uproar;
And lengthen'd howlings teaze th' ecchoing ſhoar.
Deep thick'ning ſhades eclipſe the ſolar ray,
Immediate night hangs brooding o'er the ſea.
Pole roars to pole, ſwift bick'ring light'nings flaſh,
Bolts driving bolts infuriate the craſh.
Clouds by colliſion rent, a deluge pour,
And all heav'n ſeems to ſwell the rattling ſhow'r.

By fate conducted, or ſome fav'ring pow'r,
His ſhatter'd veſſel gains the neighb'ring ſhore.
Helpleſs, againſt inhoſpitable foes,
His crew diſperſt, unhappy *Inkle* goes.
Thro' pathleſs woods he treads an unknown way,
Wiſhing, yet fearing the return of day.
Quite ſunk, diſmay'd, no ſuccour at command,
He weeps the pleaſures of his native land:
On the damp ground in the firſt thicket lies,
Expos'd to monſters and inclement ſkies.

When wak'd *Aurora* in the orient blaz'd,
Huſh'd were the winds, ſubſiding waves appeas'd.
The ſea clears up, th' emerging hills appear,
Nature exults as if reviv'd from fear.
Along the azure vault ſoft ſtreamers fly,
And darting glories tinge the morning-ſky.

The *Indian* maids invited by the dawn,
With ſhafts in hand trip o'er the dewy lawn.

As YARICO the *heroine* of the day,
Sought where the monſters of the foreſt lay;
The ruſtling trees her quick attention drew:
Swift as an arrow to the place ſhe flew,
Where *Inkle* weeping his unhappy ſtate,
Beat his ſad breaſt, and wept his cruel fate.
There to her dart ſome obvious prey ſhe thought;
There, Love decreed, ſhe fell the prey, ſhe ſought.

As ſorr'wing *Inkle* rears his drooping eyes,
Amaz'd ſhe ſtartles at the glad ſurprize;
Charms ſweetly wild in *Yarico* appear,
Inkle's enamour'd, and forgets to fear.
Her naked beauties animate the flame
Of our young hero—YARICO the ſame

Kind

Kind ardour feels—thro' all her kindling veins,
Love glides triumphant, with full empire reigns.
With ſigns he ſtrives the maiden to beſeech,
Fond ſmiling eyes ſupply the want of ſpeech.
Joyful ſhe haſtes her fav'rite grot to ſhew,
Scene of their loves, and cauſe of future woe;
Her browner fingers his fair ringlets teaz'd,
The lovely oppoſition ever pleas'd.
To him ſhe all her lovers' preſents gave,
To chear his eye, and beautify the cave.
If them abroad the jealous *Indians* ſpy'd,
Nor from their ſearch he cou'd in ſafety hide:
She cries—" O fly to our unknown retreat,"
" May fear add wings to thy beloved feet."
When the fright ceas'd, and th' Indians loſt their prey,
Leaving the woods to beaſts leſs fear'd than they;
Smilingly ſad, th' enamour'd pair drew near;
With a glad horror ſhe rejoic'd to hear
All he had ſuffer'd ſince they parted laſt;
Her heart anew felt ev'ry danger paſt:
To ev'ry ſigh ſhe ſympathetic ſigh'd,
Down his lov'd cheeks as glowing moiſtures glide;
With roſes bland ſhe wipes th' ambroſial tears,
By frequent kiſſes baniſheth his fears.
With anxious care her hunted deer ſhe led,
To lay him wearied on a fragrant bed;
Where breathing flow'rs embalm the ſpicy air,
Where murm'ring riv'lets glide for ever clear.
Where vernal greens for ever deck the ground,
Where no beaſt enters, nor unwelcome ſound.
Here trees embow'ring form an awful ſhade,
There cooling zephyrs fan the ſilent glade.

No

No noiſe was heard, but of her panting breaſt,
And ſinging choirs that charm'd his ſoul to reſt.
Him loſt in ſleep with folding arms ſhe took,
Thank'd her kind ſtars, and dwelt upon his look;
Watchfully anxious for her only care,
Her conſtant pleaſure, and her conſtant fear.
Oft thro' the deadly ſilence of the night,
He'd ſtartle, rouz'd by viſionary fright.
Here 'twas ſhe us'd her *Indian* gods t'adore,
Surpriz'd, they ſaw her at their ſhrines no more;
For her idolatry no pow'r has charms,
But the dear god that ſlumbers in her arms.
Thus ſev'n full moons in mutual joy they paſs'd,
Tranſporting joys could they for ever laſt.
How oft did *Inkle* tell th' enamour'd maid,
Wou'd fate permit him *Yarico* to lead
To *Britain*'s happy ſhores, and bleſt abodes,
A nation fit to entertain the gods,
Secure from fear, each hour of life ſhou'd glide;
That richly deck'd ſhe'd in gilt houſes ride.
How happy then their days, what bliſsful nights,
What pleaſant ſcenes, what ever new delights!
Her eyes intent ſhe hears the lovely boy,
Fond trickling tears confeſs her ſilent joy.
By him inſtructed ſhe one morn deſcries
A *Britiſh* navy; ſtrait with eager cries
The ſignal gives——they ply the nimble oar,
Tilt o'er the waves, and reach th' entreating ſhoar.
When ſable night had ſpredd her friendly veil,
The hated land they quit, crowd ev'ry ſail.
The opening waves invite the rapid prow;
Fear ſinks a-ſtern: *Love* cries; for *England*—ho—!

What was your joy then *Yarico* to part?
What ſecret tranſports danc'd around your heart,
To hear or ſee in each ſome kindred grace,
Reflections dear of *Inkle*'s voice and face?
Far other thoughts in *Inkle*'s mind ariſe,
Now calculating int'reſt fills his eyes;
Time ſpent in fruitleſs love, almighty gain,
Tear his mean heart, diſtract his venal brain.
By driving winds they to *Barbadoes* came;
Scarce landed: when extinct the lover's flame.
O fact abhorr'd, O villainy moſt fell,
Action moſt black, and crime deſerving hell;
The youth, part time, part cargo to defray,
Exchanges empty love for ſolid pay.
Startled ſhe hears; her boſom ſwells with ire,
Her eyes fierce gleaming dart a living fire;
She ſtands a ſtatue——ſickens at the light,
Deluded hopes, friends, country ſwim before her ſight.
Speechleſs with grief, no tear has pow'r to flow,
She ſinks beneath th' oppreſſive weight of woe.
As life returns ſhe ſeeks him with her eyes,
Her words oft broke with interrupting ſighs,
Accoſts the monſter thus——" You've ſold me then——
" Say, can you leave me?—moſt unkind of men.
" This the reward for all my gen'rous tears,
" My love by night, and all my daily fears?
" Is this the promiſe ſhould we e'er get free,
" And ſee fair *Britain* ſeat of *liberty*?
" What hinders now, why frown your angry brows?
" Paſt is the danger, paſt are all your vows.
" Why did I ſlight my country-loves for you,
" Tho' not ſo fair, they'd never prove untrue?

" What

" What killing thoughts my tortur'd boſom cleave,
" I'm ſold! by *Inkle* ſold to be a ſlave!
" By him I ſnatch'd from death, him I ador'd!
" For whom my gods, friends, country I've abhorr'd.
" If thou'rt reſolv'd the wretch thou'ſt made to leave,
" Give back whatever proofs of Love I gave;
" Give back the ſpeckled ſkins, ſhells, bugles, dart,
" And if thou canſt, give back my fooliſh heart.
" But the deaf monſter, minds not what I've ſaid,
" Wou'd at thy feet I were this moment dead;
" Since thee no ſenſe of my misfortune moves,
" Pity the pledge of all our tender loves.
" The unborn babe within my wretched womb,
" Let it not ſuffer in the mother's doom.
" Nor child, nor mother thy hard heart can bend,
" Nor the fond names of lover, or of friend.
" Tyger begone,—ah me,—yet ſtay a while,
" Thy dear deſtroying charms my woes beguile;
" What at my tears inhuman wretch you ſmile.
" *Yarico*'s plaints ſhall cauſe no more delay,
" Haſte mount thy ſhip, and hie thee far away;
" Where may we never ſee each other more;
" Betwixt us may tempeſtuous oceans roar.
" Ye *Indian* maids that haunt our lawns, and groves,
" Fly not from ſerpents, but from *Engliſh* loves."

Unmov'd, untouch'd, the prudent *Inkle* ſtands;
But on the child's account, a double price demands.
Deteſted wretch, diſhonour of my page,
Thy ſhame ſhall live thro' each abhorring age.
Thus gibbetted enjoy a blaſted fame,
While virtuous tongues pour curſes on thy name.

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

Me primis urbis belli placuiſſe, domique;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, *ſolibus aptum,*
Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.
Forte meum ſi Quis Te percunctabitur ævum,
Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe Decembres. HOR.

THE author, I, to reaſon's dictates true,
Love all mankind, a deiſt, Turk, or Jew.
No matter what your faith or country be,
If a good fellow, 'tis all one to me.
Our life's ſo ſhort, for ſects why ſhould we juſtle,
In the great day Heav'n will decide the buſtle.
While in this world to all I'd civil be,
And wou'd from all require civility.
Four luſtres and one annual orb have run,
Since in this world exiſtence I begun.
And now behold the ſad reſult of all,
My trav'ling, ſtudying, labours, great or ſmall.

Heav'n for paſt ſins, t'avert all future pain,
Has plagu'd, not bleſs'd me with a ſcribbling vein.
'Tis not I ſwear, for ſordid gain I chuſe,
But for herſelf I woo the lovely muſe.
'Tis ſhe that tunes, that animates my lyre,
Warms my gay ſoul, and ſets me all on fire.
Of what I trifle, learn the mighty ends,
To pleaſe myſelf, divert good humour'd friends.
I'll therefore ſcorn all envious critics ſlight,
For the amuſements——in my mirth I write;
But ſtill jog on, and follow my own ways,
Careleſs of partial cenſure, deaf to praiſe.
Perhaps ſome curious wou'd my perſon know;
I humbly anſwer, 'tis but ſo and ſo;
Not over tall, nor deſpicably low.
Black frowning brows my deep-ſunk eyes o'erſhade,
They were I fear for a phyſician made.
Fore-ſeeing nature gave this anti-grace,
And mark'd me with a medical grimace.
In limbs proportion'd, body ſomewhat groſſe,
In humour various, affable, moroſſe;
The ladies ſervitor——in health a king;
Good natur'd, peeviſh, gay, phantaſtic thing:
That like friend *Horace*, grey before his time,
Seek fame in looſe-pac'd Proſe, and fetter'd Rhime.
Whoſe higheſt wiſh's a meer abſurdity;
Nothing to do, and learn'dly idle be:
Like to myſelf to have a muſe-bit friend
My vain chimeras to review and mend.

The day to write, by night in fancy ſtray;
So, like true *poets* dream my life away.

His EPITAPH.

READER,
Here lies the MAN that to his END,
Good BOOKS, good WINE ador'd, the FAIR-SEX,
and his FRIEND.

THE

POET.

Munus et officium, nil ſcribens ipſe, docebo;
Unde parentur opes, quid alat, formetque poëtam.
Quid deceat, quid non; quò virtus, quò ferat error.
Sic honor, et nomen, divinis vatibus *atque*
Cărminibus *veniet.*——— HOR.

BOEL

An ADDRESS *to the* RHIMERS.

RHIMING GENTRY,

MORE dedicating, than dedicated to, ye may with reaſon be ſurpris'd at this unuſual addreſs; which on peruſal, ye'll perhaps diſcover to be rather a remonſtrance againſt a vulgar error, ye, and your jingling predeceſſors have long labour'd under; impos'd on the public; and diſhonoured the venerable name of poet. *To that appellation ye arrogantly think yourſelves intitled from the moment ye can make two lines clink to each other by the end, tho' without the leaſt national ſmack of* Britiſh ſenſe; *the ſlighteſt trait of the* Bienſeance *of the* French; *or any faint ſparkling like to the* Vivezzè d'ingegno *of the* Italians. *Ye appear abſolute ſtrangers to the* Urbanitas Romana *of the elegant* Latin *writers—Your inſipid thoughts never felt the happy ſeaſoning of a grain of* Attic ſalt. *Nay nothing* Grecian *can be found in your criminal productions, but their ſtigmatiz'd* το ταπεινον, *the undiſputed hereditary motto of the mere* rhiming family.

As well might a mean colour-grinder rank himſelf with an APELLES, TITIAN, *or a* RUBENS; *a ſweeper of the ſtage with a* Roſcius, Baron, *or a* Booth.——*Thus ever glaringly abſurd is impudence in the low extreme of things.*

In order to correct you, if corrigible, by ſhewing you your defects; and to raiſe in the opinion of all ingenuous readers, the, thro' you, degraded idea of poet; *I have crayon'd the following piece.*

If hereby convinced of your miſtake, ye quit the avenues of Parnaſſus *ye have ſo long infeſted; and become uſeful, ſince* nature *as well as* art *deny you to be ornamental members of ſociety:*

I ſhall

I ſhall commence your friend. But if ye obſtinately perſevere to expoſe yourſelves, and manifeſt heaven's indignation on theſe nations,

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo. HOR.

profane rhiming rabble, diſgrace of the muſes, I am at enmity with you.

One happineſs muſt attend this Addreſs, which is, if it make no friend, it can make no foe.——For who among the unworthies will be ſo uncomplaiſant as to think himſelf addreſſed to? and thoſe who really are, or even may ſeem true candidates for the laurel fall not within the ſweep of our Compliment.

Should any wag, on obſerving the following poem to be in rhime, *reply,* " *Why, ſmart Sir, you yourſelf are an addi-* " *tion to the national calamity you complain of.*"——*Suppoſe I grant it——By this public attack againſt my rhiming unpoetical fraternity may I not hope a pardon from the high court of* Parnaſſus ?—*In* civil *juſtice a culprit who diſcovers his iniquitous brethren becomes an object of mercy——The* poetical *is not leſs equitable.*

Therefore gentlemen of two *ends, and ſometimes of* three, *with a juſt contempt for your frequent want of deſign, no thought, inelegance, miſintelligence of words, and many other abſurdities familiar to you; I diſclaim all farther communication: and to more effectually eſcape from your incumbent darkneſs, cimmerian labyrinths, and muddy lakes, to the ſunny banks of genius, groves ever green, and* Hippocrene's *fair ſtream*

Je me ſauve a la nage, et j'abords ou je puis,

as whilom ſang BOILEAU *of poetaſter-hating memory.*

THE POET.

THE time has been BRITANNIA cou'd call forth
True ſons of *genius*, of *poetic* worth:
But now (O ſhame!) vile inſects of a day
Buzz us with *rhime*, unnotic'd die away;
Symptoms of *wit* and *monarchy*'s decay *.
Who is the POET? He whoſe letter'd mind
Directs each paſſion, to no party's blind;
Whom at his birth the MUSES hail'd their own,
Whoſe fame by *genius*, not from *rhiming*'s grown:
Whom his kind ſtar in ſtudious eaſe ſecures,
From all a wretch thro' penury endures.

In

* That the author may not be accus'd of ſingularity, for this his opinion, read the *prophetic* authorities of ROSCOMMON, POPE, and BOLINGROKE.

True poets *are the guardians of a ſtate,*
And when they fail, portend approaching fate. ROSCOMMON.

Ye gods, what juſtice rules the ball!
Freedom and arts together fall! POPE.

The very idea of wit, *and all that can be called* taſte, *has been long loſt a-mong the* great; arts and ſciences are ſcarce alive; *Thus it is when governments are* worn out; *the* decay *appears in every inſtance.* BOLINGBROKE.

In vain, alas, imagination glows,
And pregnant thought the readieſt wit o'erflows;
If meagre want the riſing ſally quell,
Or haughty dunns the timid Muſe expel.
Time ſlowly crawls; the ſeaſons come: They go.—
To him, one dread, unvarying ſcene of woe.
Thoſe pow'rs in *wealth* that pleaſures deify,
Reverſt by *want* black ſorrow multiply.—
When *Dædal* nature tints the varied ſpring,
Thro' vocal groves aërial lovers ſing;
Of poverty the heart-corroding care
Deadens the charms of the reviving year.
AURORA waking ſtreaks the breezy morn,
SOL's am'rous beams the rural ſcene adorn;
The Poor Bard's fancy, like a miſty ſpray,
Marrs the gay landſkip, clouds each vivid ray.
Rills purling——billows foaming on the ſhore;
Hills, vales, and woods——and THAMES delight no more!
By faction liſted oppoſites t'abuſe,
He writes for pay, not from th' inſpiring Muſe.
Want threw a cloud o'er DRYDEN's deathleſs fame,
His country's honour, and his country's ſhame.
How mean the lines in indigence he wrought,
Poor as his purſe, and gloomy as his thought!
Such as mere *Rhimers*, ſuch as I indite,
When uninſpir'd we ſcrawl in art's deſpite;
Yet pertly flat, ſans genius, ſpirit, ſenſe,
Aſſume the *Poet*'s name; vain impotence!
Cadence and *rhime* are but the POET's train;
Low *poetaſters* who can't higher ſtrain;
To the *poſſeſs'd of fancy, learning, wit*,
Judgment, taſte, diction,——proſtrate muſt ſubmit.

Now (*Rhimers* yield, t'his name their plea decline)
'Bove wealthy dulneſs ſee *the Poet* ſhine.
I ſing the man benign APOLLO charms,
Competence ſhields, and bright idea warms.
No care the night, no ſorrow thwarts the day,
His bliſsful years roll unperceiv'd away.—
How diff'rent MIDAS, but by knaves careſt,
Fortune's lac'd fool thro' undeſerv'd bequeſt!
Dull ſelf to ſhun, to drums, routs, rackets flies,
Prompt to blame ſenſe, and folly patronize.
Praiſe him while ſilent; wou'd the ſtamm'rer ſpeak?
Hear ſputt'ring gibb'riſh in groſs eddies break.
The POET, never to himſelf a load,
Deals bliſs to all, whene'er he ſteers abroad.
No turns affected in his words appear,
All ſimply neat, and elegantly clear.
His ſprightly converſe, fraught with eaſe and grace,
Makes mirth attendant baſk on ev'ry face:
In each glad ear his elocution rings,
Smiles, joy, and pleaſure clap their ſilver wings.
Obſerve them walking in the verdant fields,
When leaves the grove, and bloſſoms *Flora* yields.
Unhallow'd MIDAS' hazy eye can ſee
But dales, and plains, a mountain, and a tree;
A ſky above, the ſolid earth below,
And ſtreams that to the ſea meandring flow.
Th' aſpiring Bard emancipates his ſoul,
And more than man he views from pole to pole,
Joyful he wanders thro' th' ethereal dome,
And kindred glories of his certain home.
Of nature's book th' inviting page he reads,
Explores her works, and all productive ſeeds:

If he from matter to the Godhead riſe?
How of chain'd entity the links ſurprize!
Now charm'd with fancies of *poetic* minds,
For each effect a fav'rite cauſe he finds.
When to the breeze the waving foreſts move,
Thus they expreſs their ſorrow, thus their love.
If watry murmurs draw th'attentive ear,
Beings reveal'd ye wondring mortals hear!
Beneath the hoarſe rough lake, the gurgling ſprings,
A ſlighted nymph her plaintive ditty ſings.
O'er op'ning roſes when fond *Zephyr* ſports,
In ſweet-breath kiſſes the gay wanton courts.
Lo——near a fountain indolently laid
From her cool grot he wooes the hidden maid:
Th' emerging *Naïad* ſummon'd from above
Accepts his vows, warm earneſt of his love.
No more thro' nature's various paths they ſtray;
Each homeward tends, as lures th' inviting way.
MIDAS no joy in free retirement knows,
Save what from vice's dreggy fountain flows.
Silence chaſte Muſe—there rot foul error's ſlave,
And by repeated crimes provoke an early grave.
Here view *the Poet*.—What gay thought inſpires!
What lecture charms! what inſtant ſally fires!
Theſe are his *pleaſures*, (not to be defin'd,
Sketch 'em we may) congenial friends to find
Conform'd to each inclining of his mind.
Curious to roam, if t' either pole he'd ſtray;
To the ſun's riſing, or his ſetting ray?
Recording ſages ope their annall'd ſtores,
And mimic charts depict what he explores.

He viſits all that heirs to fame appear,
From infant time to this his eldeſt year.—
Hark—TULLY, or DEMOSTHENES debates;
'Twas ye alone cou'd prop two falling ſtates:
In fam'd harangues triumphant ye diſplay,
How man imperial eloquence can ſway.
PLATO attends his paſſions to controul,
Refine his morals, and elate his ſoul.
By ſuch a pen how much does VIRTUE gain!
His ſtyle divine *homerically* plain,
Shews when by death we're freed from mortal ſtrife,
The ſoul's unpinion'd, ever glorious life.
The jealous ſiſters wake ſuperior charms,
Courting *the Poet* with expanded arms:
" Why thus unmindful of our raptures grown?
" Quit thoſe dull ſtudies, cultivate your own."
As from APOLLO, he the check reveres;
Solliciting his ſmile each *Muſe* appears.
Thinks he of mirth, or lover's fond ſurprize,
A raviſh'd kiſs, or jealouſy's ſurmiſe?
CATULLUS, PROPERCE, and TIBULLUS call;
OVID inſiſts the lot on him ſhou'd fall:
Joyous ANACREON challenges them all.
Sicilian bards with rural pipe diſplay
Their ſhepherds artleſs love in humble lay.
Good-natur'd *Satyr*, friend to taſte and rule,
Scourges the knave, and arrogating fool.
The *Comics* half unmaſk their ſly pretence,
And gaily ſerious leer him into ſenſe.
The *Tragic* muſe in fatal pomp appears,
With terror ſtrikes; or melts him into tears:
That hand a poniard, this fell poiſon bears.

Lo—

Lo——PINDAR, HORACE, raging bear away,
In lightnings rob'd with miſſive thunders play!
If loves dire effects, hence deſtructive wars,
Expiring heroes, and triumphal cars,
Poſſeſs his raviſh'd breaſt——the *Epic* Muſe
Bids her *Mæonian*, or the *Mantuan* chuſe.
On his warm mind the ſplendor of their lines
As from a glaſs by ſtrong reflection ſhines.
The martial ſtrains embattle to his view
The raging warriors; ſtreams the crimſon dew.
Here *Greeks* purſue, *Troy*'s champions rally there,
Fierce in the Page, as in the field they were.
The lines relenting plaintively excel,
Where *Dido*'s ſighs the ſlow-pac'd numbers ſwell:
Her ill-ſtarr'd paſſion ſaddens ev'ry thought,
By the fond Poet to perfection wrought.
Now, tow'rd the palace-gate *Evander* ſpies
In lengthen'd ſtream a waving glare ariſe,
Doubts, hopes, and fears——lov'd *Pallas*' bier deſcries.
Th' attendant troops a mute dejection ſhow;
Vain words but parody conſummate woe.
Stript of his pomp, droops *Æthon* * as he goes,
In big round tears his ſilent anguiſh flows.
The frantic father rails at ev'ry ſtar,
And weeps his ſon's too early thirſt of war.
Trembles high heav'n as Gods with Gods engage;
In fiery whirls conflictive thunders rage:
With ſhouts, with groans th'enſanguin'd plains reſound,
Crowds fall on crowds; fell havoc ſtorms around.
Dire ſcene of woe, victorious over years,
So ſtrongly painted, it now freſh appears.

Hear

* Pallas' *war-horſe*.

Hear *Ilion*'s groans assail th' unpitying skies!
See flames devouring from th' *Æneïd* rise!
Admiring worlds the blazing lines rehearse,
Troy burns for ever in great MARO's verse!
Nor less have *moderns* felt APOLLO's laws,
Nor less deserve true *Critics'* loud applause;
With kindred fire they lineally excel.
Italy TASSO boasts, and *France* CORNEILLE;
Portugal CAMOUENS; sprightly LOPEZ *Spain*.
To tell their numbers in each walk were vain.
Hail *Britain* last, but not the least in fame,
Thine to the laurel stands the foremost claim.
Enamour'd *Nature* glad to be pursu'd,
Dismiss'd her handmaid *Art*, when SHAKESPEAR woo'd;
To *Greece*, to *Rome*, she coily dealt her charms,
But ev'ry beauty yields to his lov'd arms.
MILTON displeas'd at his unequal birth,
Scorns to be fetter'd to our humble earth;
Resolves a flight unknown to human race,
Soars o'er the limits of confining *space*:
Is, *ere Time was*, at the creative nod,
And *paints* the draught of a *designing* GOD!
Rhimers, and *Midas*, never shall ye know,
What heav'nly bliss ideal transports show.
Fir'd with a theme, the raptur'd *Poet* turns
T' expressive attitudes; in thought he burns.
Inciting Muses the wish'd numbers bring,
Inspire the sacred verse, and urge to sing.
His fame *Minerva* anxious to protect,
Points what to chuse, and marks what to reject.
Thus ere she spoke in *Cumæ*'s dread abode,
The SYBIL labour'd with the *Delphic* God.

Lives

Lives there a wretch ſo grov'ling to compare,
The ſterling dulneſs of an untaught heir,
To the learn'd *he* that juſtly wears the bays,
His ſtudious hours, and his harmonious lays?

Bow ye dull vain who large poſſeſſions boaſt,
Let kings revere who ſtamps their glory moſt;
The nation honour, from whom fame ſhe draws:
Virtue he crowns, gives ſanctity to laws,
Oppreſſion's terror in lov'd freedom's cauſe.

Hence DUNCES learn how infinite the odds;
Yours is a *mortal*: HIS a life of GODS!

FINIS.

18 AP 68

Lives